

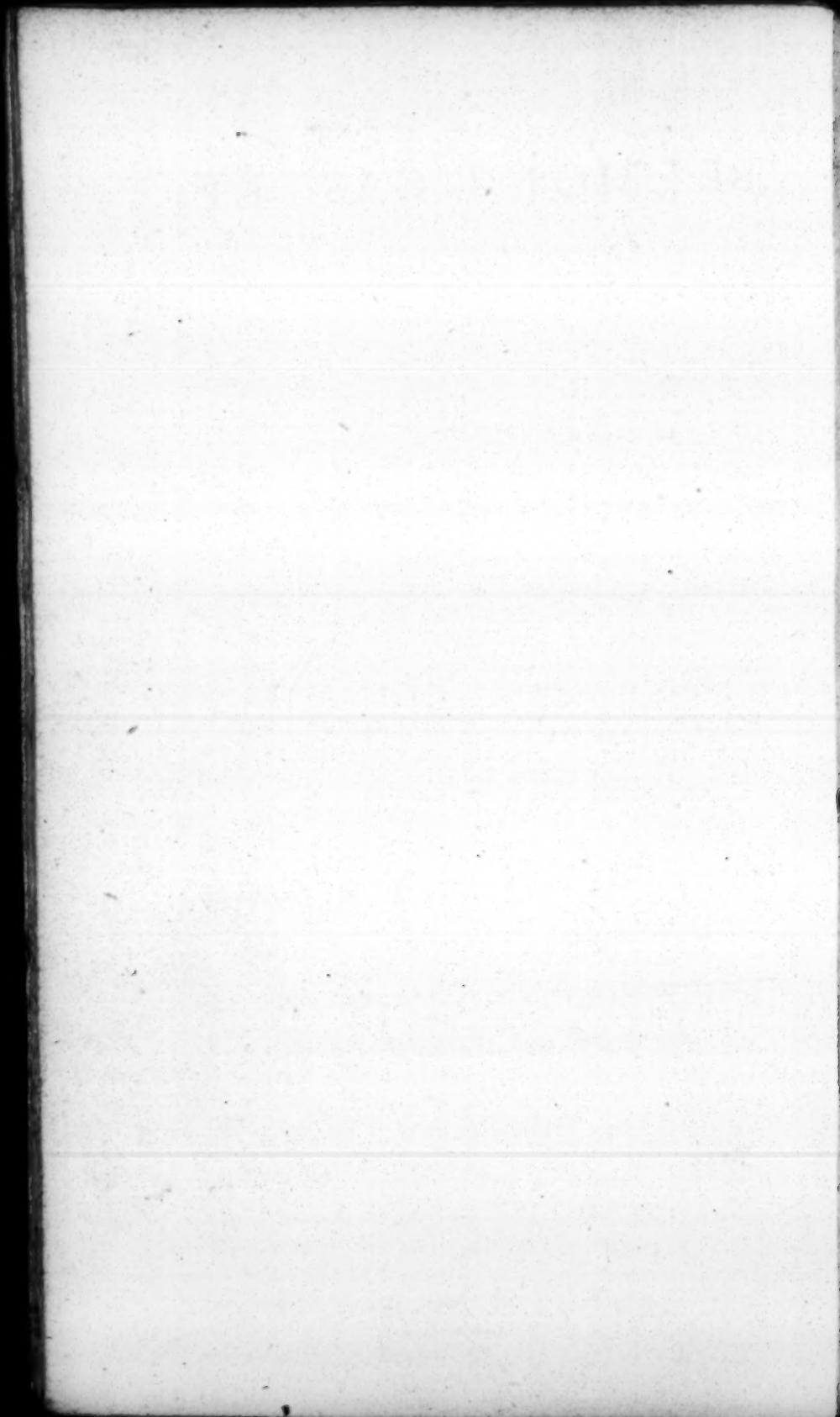


BELMONT CASTLE:

O R,

SUFFERING SENSIBILITY.





Henry H. Cary

J. F. Cary.

BELMONT CASTLE:

O R,

SUFFERING SENSIBILITY.

CONTAINING THE GENUINE AND INTEREST-
ING CORRESPONDENCE OF SEVERAL PER-
SONS OF FASHION.

" If you have tears, prepare to shed them now."

DUBLIN:
PRINTED FOR P. BYRNE, No. 108,
GRAFTON-STREET.
1790.



DEDICATION.

To MRS. GARDEN.

MADAM,

I trembled lest a mode of address, so public, shou'd meet your disapprobation;—but my vanity at last has got the better of my fears.

I could

I could not resist the temptation of prefixing to this little volume, as a fairy-charm against ignorance and ill nature, the name of a Lady so distinguished for beauty, taste and accomplishments; and in whose person nature and education seem to have contended for pre-eminence. Nor will the world suspect me of flattery, when I thus express my admiration of the many nameless graces which adorn your mind and form:—they are most eminently conspicuous to all who have the happiness of bearing your conversation, freed from the restraint of crowded circles, and who behold you in the hour of domestic retirement.

You,

You, Madam, are peculiarly interested in
the protection of those pages—since you pos-
sess a mind glowing with the modest beau-
ties of real sentiment, and unaffected sensi-
bility—they are reflected in your coun-
enance.

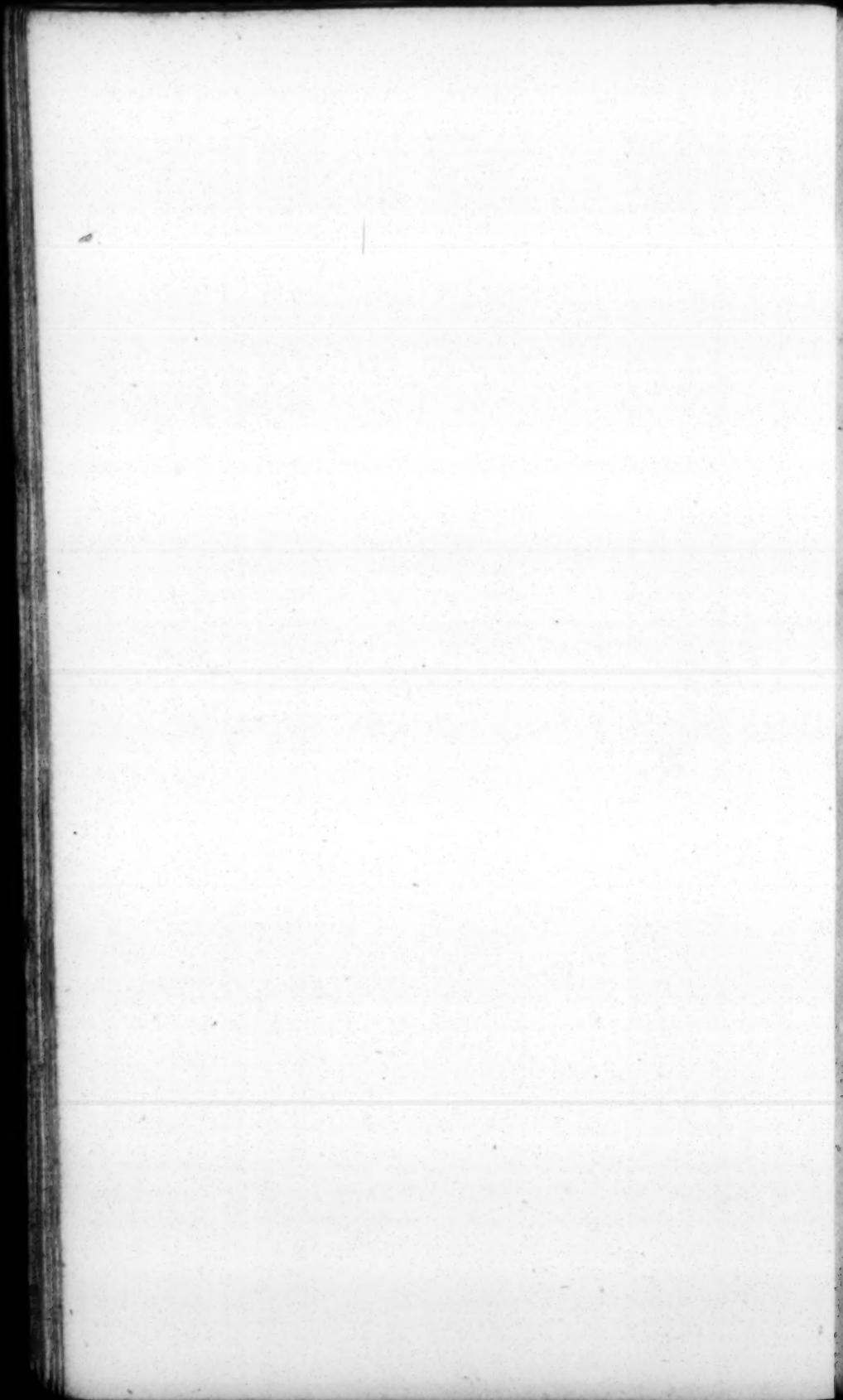
Accept then, Madam, of this humble of-
fering—from one who has the honour to sub-
scribe himself,

Your most respectful,

Humble servant,

The EDITOR.

OCT. 17, 1790.



THE EDITOR,

TO THE READER.

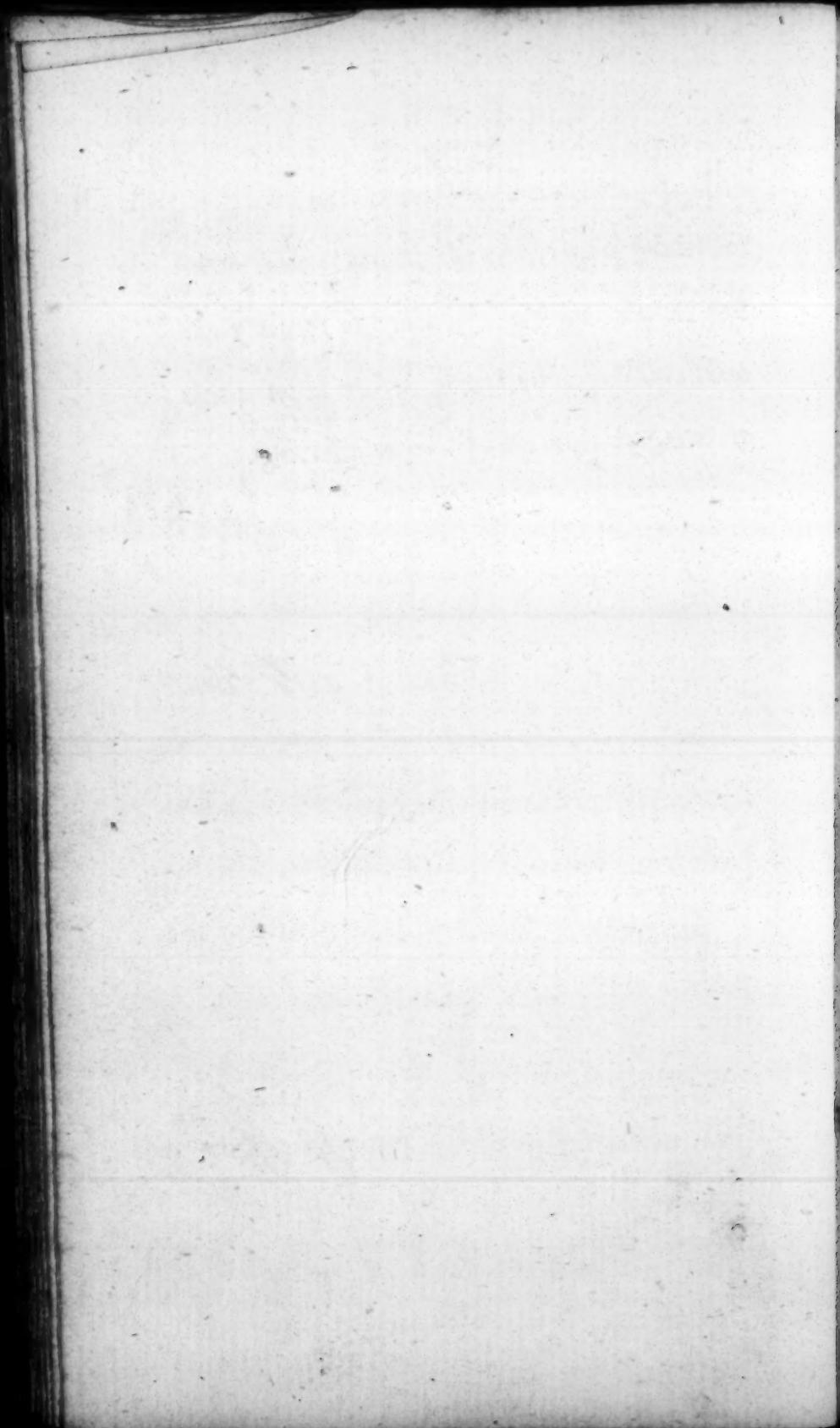
LEST the reader should imagine the following tragic events, like those of the common run of novels, the mere ideal production of an heated imagination, the editor thinks it his duty to undeceive him :—all the calamitous circumstances, so unaffectedly and mournfully painted in this series of letters, are strictly and uniformly true—
of

of a date recent indeed.—The editor doubts not that the venerable Earl of * * * * *, though concealed under the fictitious title of Belmont, and the long train of heavy misfortunes which attended that truly ancient and noble house, are well known to many of his more fashionable readers.—The editor himself, from his connections with the Belmont family, is but too well acquainted with them; he has sympathized with the good old Earl in all his distresses—and were the tears of sensibility inclined to dry up, gratitude would bid them flow.

The simplicity of style and diction, as well as the soft touching sensibility displayed in the following

*following pages, the editor hopes will plead
his excuse, in thus agitating so forcibly the
public feelings, by laying before them a tale
of woe, so interesting and so affecting.*

BELMONT



BELMONT CASTLE.

LETTER I.

FROM MISS JULIANA BLANDFORD TO
LADY GEORGIANA SHIRLEY.

Grosvenor-square—2 o'clock.

NO, my amiable Georgiana, the dissipation of this great metropolis has not weakened the ardency of my affection: —with a calm delight—with a soothing melancholy do I reflect on those happy hours we spent together at Belmont-castle.—The parting sighs of my tenderly-lamenting friend, still echo in my ears;—still do I behold her beauteous

B

cheeks

2 BELMONT CASTLE.

cheeks suffused in tears. Good heavens! what were my feelings on hearing (or rather feeling, for grief denied it utterance) thy last adieu! Amiable sensibility! it pervades every member of the family. The good old Earl sympathised with his beloved Georgiana—Lady Bridget's severity relaxed into pity—and the tears of the venerable domestics bespoke their love for their mistress, and the tenderness of their minds.

After a journey, rendered in some measure supportable, by the maternal assiduity of Lady Fillamar, and the penetrating remarks of Sir John, upon the country we passed through, we arrived in Grosvenor-square on Monday evening. The intervening time has been employed in the necessary arrangements, previous to our *public* appearance; and till this evening we have been at home.—Sir John's house is spacious; the furniture

BELMONT CASTLE. 3

niture (chiefly of Lady Fillamar's selection) unites richness and delicacy in a most extraordinary degree. The arrangement of the whole is such as the taste of the possessors would promise; and the entire establishment is formed on a scale of prudent magnificence.

In my apartment which has been honoured by the peculiar attention of Lady F. my taste has been most scrupulously adhered to. The anti-chamber is hung with a delicate lilac silk, fringed with silver, elegantly festooned; the chairs to match the hangings; the bed-chamber is hung in the same manner, only with a deeper fringe; and in an alcove is placed the bed, which is formed of the richest chintz, lined with a pale rose-coloured silk, bordered with silver chenille; opposite the bed is my dressing room, from whence I command a view of the distant hills and the intervening country, with

4 BELMONT CASTLE.

all its variety of *spruce* villas, humble cottages, rich woods, smooth lawns, lofty towers, and glittering spires. Here her ladyship's taste and magnificence have chiefly displayed themselves; the hangings, which like those of the other rooms are of a blue ground, are ornamented with silver flowers, and the chairs are also worked in silver in the richest taste. The furniture of the dressing-table is of silver and of the choicest porcelain. But, what my Georgiana will believe chiefly claims my attention, and demands my gratitude, is a book-case stored with a collection of our choicest English authors; here, when fatigued with the impertinence of the drawing room, can I retire and enjoy my favourite Shenstone; charming writer! poet of nature! how often, my Georgiana, have we sympathised with our favourite! how often, when seated in the hermitage, have we lamented the cruelty of Laura! the reflection

tion draws fresh tears from thy friend,
and this paper will bear to thee the marks
of her weakness.

Friday morning, 8 o'clock.

THE agitation of my mind, from the recollection of our parting scene and of our never to be sufficiently prized delight at Belmont Castle, rendered me unfit last night to give my Georgiana a narrative of the occurrences of yesterday, the first day we have seen company.

Lady Fillamar having announced her arrival to her friends, we had last night a numerous party. Her Ladyship most particularly introduced me to her intimate acquaintance, and by the most endearing solicitude endeavoured to banish that ti-

6 BELMONT CASTLE.

midity, on which the lively Lady Cecilia has so often rallied me. But, notwithstanding her efforts, the consciousness of my own situation and the embarrassment of the rustic, I am afraid, broke forth; but from the kind attention of her Ladyship, the endeavours of some of her guests were employed to overcome my fears. Four or five card tables being formed, the rest of the company, whose characters I shall endeavour to delineate composed a groupe, where the ordinary topics of dress, fashion, and amusement were discussed with the skill of connoisseurs. Except your Juliana, the only female of this set was a Miss Langville, the only daughter of a Colonel Langville, who seemed to possess many of those qualities which belong to her father's profession. Her person is certainly a fine one, above the middle size, of a commanding air, a countenance strongly marked, an aquiline nose, dark penetrat-

ing

ing eyes, and her voice adapted to her language, bold, vehement and decisive. Luckily for your Juliana, she seemed at first sight to conceive an attachment to me; or else her supercilious and awful brow would have encreased my confusion.

Among the gentlemen the most remarkable were a Mr. Belville and a Major Welton. The former, who is the younger branch of an antient family, is about two years returned from the university. To a good person he unites an elegant, though melancholy, languor of countenance, which bespeaks a heart of the tenderest susceptibility; whilst his eyes, enlightened by a peculiar fire, give an irresistible force to his animated conversation. The patrimony of the younger brother of a younger branch being insufficient for his support, he has determined on the profession of the law, and

the faint recital I am going to give you of a conversation in which he bore a principal part, will convince you that he possesses the most persuasive eloquence and the most shining rhetoric. But, first, let me introduce Major Welton to your acquaintance ; he appears to be about forty, of a plain, but pleasing countenance, and remarkable for speaking his sentiments with the most undisguised freedom.

"Sir," said Miss Langville, addressing herself to the Major, "have you read the *Orphan of the Castle* yet. I am told it is a charming novel." "No Madam," replied the Major, "nor do I mean it ; I have no patience with those monstrous relations of improbable virtues, those absurd caricatures of modern levities, those demi-gods in laced coats, and goddesses in faddin. If we are to have *fiction*, the bold falsehoods of an Eastern tale

tale are surely preferable ; the author there attempts not to impose on our credulity, he fairly tells us that we are launching into the ocean of chimeras, and the phantoms which he raises are but its natural productions ; a novelist would blind-fold our judgment, whilst he inflames our imaginations, and would persuade us that England is really peopled with such personages as never had any existence but in his own heated brain." I am sorry," Sir, said Mr. Belville, "to differ from a person of Major Welton's acknowledged judgment; but I must say that our modern novels appear to me in a different point of view, as a most elegant and refined amusement, and as a delineation, by no means too flattering, of those virtues and accomplishments of which the present day, and perhaps the present company, (looking with indescribable expression at his female auditors),

B 5 could

could give the brightest specimens." "And, do you really think" interrupted the Major; "that there exists at this day a Clarissa, or that the minutest search could furnish us with a Sir Charles." "Do I?" exclaimed Belville, "may I perish, but I most firmly believe it, most firmly believe that the present age could furnish us with innumerable patterns of female excellence, not inferior to that all-perfect character;" then sinking on one knee, with an ardor of enthusiasm which affrighted and astonished me, he said, "hear me, high heaven! tutelary guardian of aspiring virtue, hear the prayer of thy votary! Inspire me to emulate the virtues of a Grandison, as I believe in the exalted perfection of a Clarissa, and may such angelic worth be the bright reward of my zeal in *thy* service, as I entertain the glorious hope of one day meeting with a female equal

to

B E L M O N T C A S T L E. 11

to the heroine of the pathetic Richardson."

The wild enthusiasm which flashed in his eyes as he spoke filled me with a terror I cannot describe. I trembled all over,—and my confusion would have been evident, had not Miss Langville kindly assisted me with her Eau de Luce.

Adieu!

JULIANA.

LETTER

LETTER II.

FROM LORD MORTIMER TO
JOHN EVELYN, Esq.

Brussels.

AFTER an absence of three years from my country and my friends, your feelings will tell you what must be mine on the idea of returning. For I trust you will believe that however an extended intercourse with the world, may have enlarged my views, and diminished national prejudices, it has not weakened my attachment to my native soil. No, my friend, my Evelyn! my heart beats with fervency for England's welfare; the incomparable pre-eminence of her government

ment and manners, have been more fully displayed by comparison with other countries. The honest, bold simplicity of her yeomen, those bulwarks of her strength, the unpolished plainness of her traders; the undaunted eloquence of her senators, and not least, the unsophisticated charms of her fair daughters, are peculiar to herself; and with double lustre must they appear to him who has penetration to discover, and sense to despise the brilliant, but deceitful, tinsel of French manners, and the still more disgusting depravity of Italian morals. Don't, however, imagine that I have travelled with the cankering spleen of a misanthropist; notwithstanding my partiality, I have still remarked and done justice to the soothing urbanity of the one country, and the refined taste of the other; and during my residence abroad, which you know, according to the judicious advice of Lord Chesterfield, has been

been chiefly in the capitals of France and Italy, I have met with many characters whose solid worth and brilliant talents would have been an ornament to any country.

The hopes you so fondly entertained, I am afraid, will not for some years be realised. Tho' I detest a life of useless ease, yet the bustle of politics, and the virulence of party, are ill suited to your Mortimer's disposition. It is not therefore, my design to endeavour at obtaining a seat in the senate; when an event indeed which I hope may be many years distant, shall give me an hereditary voice in the supreme council of the nation, it will be my duty to devote some portion of my time to the interest of my country, and to support in some degree the exalted character of my house. The Earls of Belmont have for ages been distinguished as the assertors both of their sovereign's
and

and of the people's rights: and the present age, I trust, will not be witness of their degeneracy. My illustrious father has been careful to instill into me those elevated principles of which his own life has been so noble an example. The princely fortune I shall inherit, the example of my ancestors, the kind partiality of my friends, all, all will urge me on to fame. But till the event I have mentioned shall take place, it is my design to shun the tumult of politics, and to devote myself to the use and enjoyment of my friends, and to the further cultivation of my mind.

I am already preparing for my departure, and in about a fortnight you may expect to embrace

Your most devoted
MORTIMER.

LETTER

L E T T E R III.

FROM THE HON. CHARLES FITZROY
SCUDAMORE TO LIEUT. COLONEL
NEVILLE.

Harley-place.

OH! Harry, such an adventure!—
“ Grace is in all her steps—heaven; in
her eye” “ very likely;” methinks I
hear you exclaim, “ but in whose steps?
“ and whose are these heavenly eyes?”
Ask not, oh! ask not!—can there be in
nature such another?—no, by heaven!

“ When the devout religion of mine eye
“ Maintains such falsehood, then turn tears to fires,
“ AND BURN THE HERETIC.”

Oh!

" Oh! she is more than painting can expres,
" Or youthful poets fancy, when they love.

cheeks that shame the rose, lips of coral-dye; pearls of orient for teeth; her neck a pillar of alabaster; her chesnut tresses floating in wanton profusion to the gale; her eyes, oh! Harry, her eyes of soft celestial blue, beaming forth bright emanations of tenderness and love; but, her smiles! how shall I describe them? hast thou yet discovered her? or must I add the name? dull clod! hear then, nor wonder longer at the transports of thy friend, thy doating—captive friend—hear with reverential awe the name of the bright divinity, at whose shrine I bow—art thou prepared? hear in one word, the name of—Lady Clairville, and wonder at my madness if thou canst.

Yes, Harry, she it is who has wrought this mighty revolution in the sentiments of thy friend, the once, gay and giddy Scudamore;—

Scudamore;—alas! those days are over; and now, instead of liberty free as air, instead of power despotic over the sex, behold me the humble, sighing slave of this dear, haughty beauty. Yet why do I call her haughty? to me she is affability itself: as yet, however, nothing more than affable—and shall that suffice? no, forbid it honor; forbid it love; forbid it the long roll of conquests, to which, or my art fails me, her ladyship's name must be subjoined—*tout doucement* tho'! no hasty measures to alarm the dragon that with incessant vigilance guards the golden fruit. At present I am her *friend*—do you mark that, Colonel?—*friendship* with woman, you know.—“But in the name of heaven,” “thou wilt say,” “ whence comes this sudden attachment?—Where did you meet?—When?—How?”—I will tell thee all:

By

By the death of my uncle, Harley, you know, I was suddenly re-called from the continent, and by urgent affairs obliged to come down here, and enter on the lands and lordships which the good-natured prejudice of the worthy old fellow thought proper to bestow on me. For the first six weeks sinking under the weight of an additional 16,000l. per year ; fatigued to death with deeds and mortgages, and employed, even till my hand was tired, in signing leases and releases, I could scarce venture out. At length, when I had reduced my affairs into some tolerable order, I one morning mounted my horse, and rode forth in quest of adventure, with a spirit not perhaps exactly coincident with that of the knight-errant of old. In plain English, trusty William had discovered that my steward had a daughter, whom he was pleased to represent as not totally unworthy

worthy of the honor of becoming my sultana for the present; and I was determined to call as if accidentally and judge for myself; but fortune had better things in store for me. As I was crossing a common, which lies between Lord Clairville's demesne and mine, I beheld a lady approach on horseback, with whose figure, even at a distance, I was struck; never had I beheld any mortal being yet, so graceful. Whilst I was engaged in contemplating her beauties, the sudden discharge of a fowling-piece startled her horse, who darted off like lightning, regardless of his angelic burthen.

In the very direction he pursued—
but I am interrupted.—

“ Well, William !”——

“ My Lady Clairville is below, sir, in
her chariot, and wishes to see you.”

I fly

B E L M O N T C A S T L E. 21

I fly to attend her.—In my next you
shall hear more.—Till then—

Adieu!

C. F. SCUDAMORE.

LETTER

L E T T E R IV.

FROM LADY FILLAMAR TO
THE COUNTESS OF B.

Grosvenor-square.

THE account that I can give you, my dear madam, of Miss Blandford, is very imperfect. But as you express so warm an interest in the happiness of that amiable girl, I shall give you every information in my power. You are well acquainted with the strict friendship that subsisted between me and Mrs. Cranford, that exemplary woman, whose virtues were an ornament to our species, and who for these last fifteen years had the sole

sole care of my Juliana. How this office devolved upon her, or the minuter particulars respecting the birth and descent of Juliana, I know but imperfectly. The mother of Juliana who was distantly related to Mrs. Cranford, at an early age married Mr. Blandford, the son of a merchant, who was descended from an honourable family. The match being unequal to the pretensions of Miss Lester, (Juliana's mother), was formed contrary to the opinion of her friends, and all intercourse between them was cut off. Some losses in business and other misfortunes obliged Mr. Blandford to undertake a voyage to India; his Lady resolutely, and fatally, insisted on accompanying him. The catastrophe was dreadful, the ship was lost and every soul perished. The ill health and tender years of Juliana, who was then but three years old, made it necessary to leave

leave her behind. The cruel neglect of her nearer relations called upon the humanity of Mrs. Cranford; she adopted the amiable orphan, and in her conduct displayed a love truly maternal. Of the rest it is needless to say any thing to your Ladyship. You are acquainted with the recent death of my ever to be lamented friend. On the first news of her illness, Sir John and I flew to the Moor, we arrived just in time to receive her dying adieu. In words hardly intelligible, she conjured me to fulfil the part of a mother to her Juliana, and assured of my compliance, she resigned her soul in peace. To alleviate Juliana's loss, and fulfil the injunctions of my friend, I consider myself bound by every tie of friendship, and the pious office is rendered more sacred by the uncommon virtues of my ward. Such amiable sensibility, such purity of mind, such ardency of affection,
such

such effusions of gratitude, we may look for but seldom can find. The graces of her person, angelic as they truly are, are the least part of her merit. With such accomplishments, it might appear too worldly to lament her want of fortune. Mrs. Crawford's chief income, your ladyship knows, was a jointure, and the expanded benevolence of her soul, did not permit her to amass wealth. Three thousand pounds was all she could bequeath her Juliana; but selfish as the world may be, such exalted excellence can never have cause to lament the absence of wealth.

After Mrs. C.'s decease, Lord Belmont, who you know lived within a few miles of the Moor, and of whose veneration for the worth of my friend I need not inform you, invited us to spend some time at Belmont-Castle. The kindest assiduities of the Earl, and of his amiable

C daughters,

daughters were employed to alleviate the distress of their friend. The attachment which had long subsisted between them was cemented by this event, and their efforts were not quite unsuccessful in dissipating her grief, tho' still the remembrance of her beloved guardian visibly affects her spirits. The entertainments of the metropolis we judge might be useful, and we accordingly have given up our intention of spending the winter at the Forest, and are settled for some months in Grosvenor-square.

I need make no apology to your Ladyship, for the length of this letter; nor is it I hope necessary to assure your Ladyship with what truth I am

Your most sincere friend,

and devoted servant,

C. FILLAMAR.

LETTER

L E T T E R V.

FROM MISS JULIANA BLANDFORD TO
LADY GEORGIANA SHIRLEY.

Grosvenor-square:

WHY, my Georgiana, did I leave
the peaceful mansion of Belmont-castle?
why did I refuse thy kind entreaties?
—Hear the cause of my complaints and
judge of their justice. Last night I accom-
panied Lady Fillamar to a ball given by
Sir James Dashton. Sir James is about
five and twenty, with a fortune of seven
thousand pounds a year, a shewy person,
an uncommon proficient in dress and the

other fashionable accomplishments, and not a little vain of his merits. The company was extremely numerous and splendid, the decorations of the rooms to the last degree rich and singular, and the dress of the entertainer characteristic of his disposition. His hair was turned before in small irregular curls, it flowed loosely behind from a bunch of pink ribbon, to an immoderate length, and the strong aromatic scents that issued from it could alone tell you that powder had been employed. His coat was of a pale rose coloured sattin, lined with the most delicate blue; the cape and cuffs like the lining, richly embroidered with silver; his waistcoat white tissue, trimmed with sable; his shoes of black sattin with red heels, and tied with bunches of pink ribbon intermixed with silver foil. So extraordinary a figure you may suppose raised the surprize of the Company; their complaisance

complaisance for their entertainer could not overcome their propensity to laughter; and to any eyes but those of Sir James, blinded by vanity, it was evident that he was the object of their mirth.

What was my astonishment to behold him approach and address me in the following words! The divine Juliana cannot be ignorant of the cause of this entertainment—will she crown the night by granting me the honor of her hand? will she give fresh triumph to my already established taste?—and will she exhibit a perfect example of the most accomplished pair of dancers that England can display?

Amazed by the singularity of this address, I was at a loss for a reply. Sir, said I, the honor—but Sir James cut me short, by respectfully and with an air of triumph seizing me by the hand, while as he was leading me up the room, Lady

Fillamar, who is intimate with him, stopped us. Sir James, said she, you cannot be serious? Consider the etiquette of the assembly—consider the affront you offer to the married Ladies—the Duchess of C. in particular—do, Sir James; let me entreat you to hear me. 'Twas all in vain. By heaven! he exclaimed, in a tone that startled the whole room, Majesty herself should not gain that preeminence which I give to Juliana. No, bright nymph, throwing himself on one knee, I here swear by the irresistible divinity of love, to devote myself to thy service, to assert thy superiority over all thy sex, and to give to thee the triumph of conquering, and holding in adamantine chains, the proud stubborn heart of the hitherto victorious Dashton. Let the hapless nymphs that I have captivated, lament my cruelty; let the kind fair ones who have yielded to me, complain of my perfidy;

fidy; to thee I sacrifice them all: and by all the Gods, by the sacred Majesty—here surprise terror and confusion overcoming me, for the room was in a tumult, and the whole company in astonishment was gathering round, I fainted away. In this situation I remained for some time, but the kindest assiduity of Lady F. and some of the company recovered me. While I was in this situation, Sir James, I am informed, was almost frantic; he emptied his entire bottle of *eau de luce* in my face; then, for he is most uncommonly active, leaped over the heads of the intervening crowd, and with frantic rage roaring to his domestics, dispatched them all for physicians and surgeons; by the time however he returned I was recovered, and had prevailed on the kind Lady Fillamar to let me go home. Sir James insisted on accompanying us, but Lady F. representing the delicacy

delicacy of my situation, and the impropriety of his leaving his company, prevailed on him to desist; but what was our surprise on arriving at Grosvenor-square, to find Sir James there before us, breathless, bespattered with dirt, and drenched with rain! for impatient and too thoughtless to order a carriage, he ran or rather flew before us, regardless of the fantastic oddness of his dress, of the length of the way, the dirt of the streets, or the wetness of the evening. Here, before we could recover from our astonishment at his appearance, he poured out a thousand apologies for the distress he occasioned—and was proceeding in the same impassioned strain, when Lady F. fearful of a relapse, conjured him to leave me; that on another opportunity he might declare his intentions; and that his presence was absolutely necessary, to dissipate the confusion which so extraordinary

extraordinary a proceeding must have occasioned. With difficulty he was prevailed on to depart, not without vowed he would to-morrow make me a tender of his person and fortune.

And now, my Georgiana, will not thy sympathetic bosom join in lamenting my cruel destiny, when I tell you I can never love the enamoured Sir James? and, good heavens! what may be the consequence of a refusal to a man of his impetuous temper, and extraordinary vanity. That he is rich, handsome, young, accomplished, I cannot deny; but is there not an incontroulable destiny, is there not a mighty power which governs the affairs of love? His fortune, his rank, are beyond my expectations, but can fortune—can rank confer true happiness? no, there is “nought but love can answer love, and render bliss secure.” The amiable Lady F. is a convert to this opinion; the unhappy

happy disagreements between her daughter and Lord Clairville, though there is every external requisite on each side, convince her that it is from the union of hearts alone that conjugal bliss can spring; and I doubt not I shall have the approbation of my kind protectors in rejecting the offers of Sir James.

Oh! my Georgiana, how do I wish I were once more at Belmont-castle, to pour into thy faithful bosom the griefs
of thy afflicted

JULIANA.

LETTER

L E T T E R VI.

FROM THE HON. H. T. SCUDAMORE
TO COLONEL NEVILLE.

Harley-Place.

AS well as I recollect, for the violence
of my passion bids defiance to connexion,
I ended my last, my dear colonel, with
an account of the imminent danger of
lady Clairville, from the fright of her
horse ;—in the very direction he pursued,
a precipice occurred, down which, if
not instantly stopped, he must have dash-
ed himself and the loveliest of women.—
What was to be done?—the urgency of
the occasion precluded deliberation, so I
at once darted the spurs into Nero, who,

as..

as if inspired with the spirit of his master, flew over every impediment.—In an instant I had overtaken and seized the reins of her steed, not a dozen yards from the edge of the yawning gulph, and dismounting, caught her in my arms scarce half alive—the colour forsook her cheeks, darkness sealed her swimming eyes, and her countenance was enwrapped in the pale livery of death. I dispatched her servant, who was by this time come up, to a neighbouring cottage for some water, and mean while applied my *Eau de luce*; my cares were soon crowned with success, and I saw, with transport saw, her bright eyes resume their lustre, the colour revisit her cheeks, soon indeed heightened to a crimson glow, on finding herself in the arms of a young fellow whose looks, I am afraid, very intelligibly spoke his emotions.—In short, I found at once that

that I had redeemed her life at the expense of my liberty, and in an instant joined the sighing train who in happier days have so often been the ridicule of Neville and his Scudamore.

As soon as she was recovered sufficiently to speak, she thanked me for the assistance I had been so happy as to afford her ; and told me in a manner sufficiently intelligible, that lord Clairville, if he were to have the honor of seeing me at the grove, would add his thanks to her's—that was as much as to inform me she was married—*tant mieux!* I know lord Clairville ; I know him to be a scoundrel ; I know that in one instance he has supplanted me—

“ For which, when I forget it, may the shame
“ I mean to blast his name with, stick on mine ! ”

Sweet, sweet revenge ! if I be not even with him, wife for mistress, but no matter ; all this is mystery to you, colonel ; hear
it

it then explained—and from my narrative see what a thing the mind of man is.—A short time before I set out to the continent I was introduced to the widow of *le feu chevalier Middleton*, a woman whose character, if drawn at all, must be by negatives;—she is *not* old; she is *not* ugly; she is *not* ignorant; she is *not* deformed, nor totally unaccomplished; with a great deal of vivacity and an intemperance of passion restrained, if restrained, only by the fear of losing at once the remnant of character still remaining to her, she thinks mankind born for her pleasures, and with this idea are all her connexions formed. As her constitution prompts her to an indiscriminate passion for our sex, so does a most intemperate vanity insinuate to her that this ardency is reciprocal; and to such extravagantly ridiculous lengths does this silly passion carry her, that I
am

am satisfied she never held a conversation with a man for five minutes, without a thorough conviction of his ambitiously aspiring to that honor which, footh to say, like many others has at present lost its original value by an indiscriminate distribution.—How I could be so mad or blind to notice such a compound is utterly inexplicable, but so it was—in short, her Ladyship was kind, I was successful, and was willing to persuade myself I was happy.

Just at this moment it was my uncle Harley's pleasure I should pass a few months on the continent. I parted from Lady Middleton with a concern for which I now despise myself—a concern which she had the art to persuade my inexperience was mutual; and she retired to her seat in Berkshire, with vows of eternal constancy, and that her life should

should be that of a recluse till my return.—Well, sir,—My Lord Clairville, whose demesne adjoined her Ladyship's, soon introduced himself, and with little trouble took quiet possession of all my honors; and, as I have since learned from the maid of this wanton, the light credulity of Scudamore was the constant theme of their discourse.—And shall I with impunity be held up the scoff of the loose hours of Clairville and his paramour?—Shall the wrongs of the divine Lady Clairville go unrevenged as well as mine?—No!—by all the mingled powers of Love and Jealousy, by all the stings of mortification I have already felt, by all the glewing transports I hope soon to feel in the arms of that angelic woman, I will be revenged and tell the proud peer to his beard, “Thus diddest thou!”

Thus,

Thus, then, I stand at present. I have got *les entrees libres* at the Grove; his Lordship is much at Lady Middleton's, who is, as I told you, most conveniently contiguous; Lady Clairville is, with every other feminine perfection, the first performer on the *piano-forte* I have ever heard.—You know I am not contemptible on the German-flute; I have in consequence the honour to accompany her. She sings too:—

“ Such melting strains as would create a soul,
“ Under the ribs of death!”—

And the divine canzonets of Jackson afford me a happy opportunity of at once gratifying my passion for music, and silently advancing my suit with her Ladyship.

Already I can see her moved; but I must be cautious—she shall not know her danger till it is too late to avoid it.—

She

42 BELMONT CASTLE.

She must, she shall be mine—then,
ye mighty gods, what a treasure!—but I
must fly to meet her!—Yes, adored
Eliza, to thee do I return with an ardor,
surpassing that of the travelled turtle to
his mate—with rapture do I haste to
contemplate the mild radiance of thy
celestial eyes; to hear thy accents sweet-
er than the mellifluous strains of plain-
tive Philomel, and touch thy snowy hand,
to whose soft seizure the cygnet's down
is harsh.—

Adieu, my friend,

Believe me ever yours,

H. E. SCUDAMORE.

LETTER

L E T T E R VII.

FROM SIR JAMES DASHTON TO
COL. WATWORTH.

Guildford-Lodge.

BAFFLED!—despised!—rejected!—
and by whom, ye mighty Gods!—by a
flirt—a child of fortune—curse on her
beauty!—yes, her *beauty*, for still must
I allow her charms.—By the great G—
Watworth! yes, and may the furies tear
my distracted heart.—I rave!—I
rave!—what will the world say?—
every charm called forth, never
was drest to such advantage!—Lamont
had exerted all his art, and never did'st
thou see such a coat.—St. Pierre too, had
given

given me such curls—oh! Watworth—but by the high heavens I'll be revenged—give my fortune to an hospital, cut off my hair, and turn Monk—but then the world!—and all my ambitious schemes.—No, my country shall have the advantage of my disappointment.—The army, the army is the line—there will I display myself—my merit and fortune and connexions must raise me—it's the line of glory.—But then, my political consequence, my seat in parliament—no, Watworth, wait till the next session, and if I don't annoy Pitt—I am no boaster, but you know my fame at Oxford, and by the mighty Gods it shall not be tarnished—no—curse me if it shall.

But of this girl,—you heard of my intended ball—you heard of the expectations formed—all blasted—some cursed, untoward, womanish crotchet seized her.

her brain, and as I was leading her up the room she fainted.

Lady Fillamar insisted on carrying her home—and enamoured as I was, I determined to accompany her—there being no room in the carriage, and my brain quite distracted, I forgot where I was—I forgot that there were fifty other carriages at the door—and I did not perceive the cataract of rain that descended on my bare head—but, regardless of every thing, from Portland-place did I set out, as running for a wager, and arrived at Grosvenor square in such a pickle, as might well excite the merriment of graver women, than Lady F.—and Juliana.—The powder and pomatum rendered fluid by the rain, had descended down my face in thick streams, the dirt of the streets had totally obscured the original colour of my dress, and nothing

nothing was visible, but one continued mass of mud.

To heighten my confusion, the rascally servants laughed aloud at my appearance, and when I left the house (which I soon did at Lady F.'s intreaty,) the whole fraternity, cooks, chambermaids and scullions, were collected in the hall to enjoy my grotesque figure.—Home did I return, and, forgetting my company, and execrating the whole world, I went to bed and locked myself up from the intrusion of my intimates, who were coming in crowds to be satisfied of the cause of the confusion, and to have a subject of scandal to embellish for the next day.

Of the rest of the night I know nothing but from report—the company, astonished at the disappearance of their entertainer, soon retired, and by this time I suppose the

the ballad singers are composing ditties, and the print-sellers preparing to stick me in their windows.

I have already seen paragraphs in the papers, informing the public "with infinite concern, that it is feared Sir James Dashton's intellects are injured"—already telling who is to have the guardianship of my fortune, and giving, in proper newspaper form, an account of my ancestors, estates, titles, &c.

Unable to bear this I instantly flew down here—but I will be revenged—the proud Juliana, (for I am informed she means to reject my offers, but if she has an opportunity curse me) shall be mortified—she shall be a witness of my splendor.—I am determined to have the greys, I don't care for the price, I will give the 1000 guineas, and Hatchet shall make me such a phæton!—but enough, Tom, it is needless

48 BELMONT CASTLE.

needless to say more—you know the indignant spirit of—

Thine ever

JAMES DASHTON.

P. S. Are you to be at Elwood races?
I am invited to spend the time at Belmont-Castle, to meet Lord Mortimer
who is hourly expected.

LETTER

L E T T E R V I I I .

FROM MONTAGUE BELVILLE, Esq.
to JOHN EVELYN, Esq.,

Elwood-Farm.

YOUR friendly bosom, my dear Jack,
must doubtless be alarmed at my sudden
departure from the metropolis; but your
alarm will cease, when you are told that
Lady Georgiana Shirley is the beautiful
magnet, that has drawn your friend so
far from town, and Evelyn.—You can-

D not

not sure have forgot the impression she made on my heart last winter, at the opera, on the night of Storace's benefit; how she diverted my attention from *Mozon* and how '*Chi mi mostra*,' and the charming duet of '*Piche cornacchie*,' escaped my usual *encore*. All that night her charming idea incessantly presented itself to my enraptured fancy, and deprived me of rest. I strove to compose myself, but in vain;—tossed by a tempest of love, I now rose on the anchor of hope, now sunk on the billows of despair:—a momentary calm succeeded, but it was only to make the returning storm more terrible.—At last the orient sun appeared in the chambers of the east;—I arose—dressed myself—swallowed my chocolate in a hurry; and ran about nine to Portland place, in hopes of gaining a sight of my adored Georgiana.—But, oh! Evelyn! to my inexpressible grief, the Shirly family

family had set out a few hours before in their coach and fix for Belmont castle!

In all the frenzy of a despairing lover, I walked with disordered steps to my lodgings in Wimpole-street; where, as my dear Evelyn may remember, I found a letter informing me of the illness of my uncle, Lord Belmour, at Naples, and of his wish I should attend him there.— My surprise at this unexpected summons, as well as my haste to obey it, prevented me from acquainting you with the secret of my passion for the too lovely Georgiana.—

When I arrived at Naples I found my uncle Lord B. recovered, so as to be in a condition of compleating the tour of Italy.—I accompanied him—and thus the summer passed away without my being able to procure an interview with the Idol of my soul.—But why do I

thus teize my Evelyn, by the recital of circumstances with which he is already acquainted? I know not unless it is, that to a lover, passionate as I am, to repeat and dwell on the particulars of his misfortunes be painful pleasure and a soothing melancholy.—To be brief, I last Friday found out that a farm near Belmont-castle was unoccupied; and conceiving that with such an opportunity I might probably make an impression on my Georgiana's heart, or at least enjoy the superlative blessing of living near her,—I immediately hired post horses, and now rent the farm of the good old Earl—my success has been greater than my most sanguine hopes could have presaged.—I have seen my Georgiana! the loveliest, tenderest, fairest of her sex! —at Church I was so lucky as to arrest her attention.—I gazed on her with unutterable rapture—her eyes met mine—and oh!

oh! happy presage—oh! omen most lucky—the dear angel blushed “cælestial rosy red,” and her enchanting bosom heaved with soft emotion.—How changeable, my Evelyn, are the affairs of men!—the weather itself is not more liable to fluctuation!—I who three days since was the unfortunate, am now the happy Belville;—three—yes, Evelyn, three days have raised your friend from the lowest abyss of despair, to the highest pinnacle of joy and happiness.—In my next I shall give you a description of this delightful and romantic farm.—Adieu!—congratulate your friend on his rapid success in his passion—and let me add too in his farming—for, believe me, Evelyn, since I arrived here on Saturday morning, I can say with my favourite, the sublime Shenstone, that—

“ I seldom have met with a loss,

“ Such health do my fountains bestow;

“ My

" My fountains all bordered with moss,
" Where the hare-bells and violets grow.*

I have just learned from Laura, Lady Georgiana's favourite woman, that the Earl had proposed, as a lover to my charmer, Col. Neville; but that she had yesterday expressed a violent disapprobation of his addresses, and this morning given him an absolute refusal.—Laura too, informs me, that Lady Georgiana is particular in her enquiries about me, and that she often mentions ~~him~~ ^{me} in terms of the warmest approbation.— Adieu—I am extacy itself—but yet I feel a terror I cannot account for, and which damps my happiness—what may not the violent temper of the slighted Neville forbode my Georgiana!—but I'll not think on it. If she once is mine—where is the arm so strong can tear her from her Belville?—united to my Georgiana, no fear, but that of offending her, shall

B E L M O N T C A S T L E . 55

shall disturb my quiet—the malice of
disappointed villainy I'll defy.

Adieu ! assure yourself of the unal-
tered friendship of

Yours

MONTAGUE BELVILLE.

D 4

LETTER

L E T T E R IX.

FROM COL. NEVILLE, TO FITZROY
SCUDAMORE, Esq.

Belmont-Castle.

I Give you joy, my dear Scudamore, with all my heart, of your success with her Ladyship—don't be discouraged at any repulse she gives you—did she not tell you she owed her life to you; then why not compound the debt with her honor?—You have set me on fire by your description; and a little cruel piece of prudery here has inflamed me *in propria*

pria persona; so that, damn me, if I am not between two fires, as we say in the Coldstream.—Do you recollect Lady Georgiana Shirley, daughter of the Earl of Belmont?—if you have ever once seen her you *must*;—the dear, delicious angel; the very essence of Virtue, yet, the very figure of Temptation, with a fair complexion, dark hazel eyes, nut-brown hair, a neck like alabaster, and a heart like *ice*, egad—for, damn me if ever I could melt it—and if Colonel Neville could not, I hear my Scudamore exclaim, what mortal can?—aye, but one Belville has—a fellow with the cant of virtue, and *all that*—but I'll have revenge.—I broke my passion to Lady Georgiana, told her I doated on her, sighed, fell at her feet, and acted an hundred extravagancies—her answer was, she hated me.—What shall I do to

D 5. be.

L E T T E R IX.

FROM COL. NEVILLE, TO FITZROY
SCUDAMORE, Esq.

Belmont-Castle.

I Give you joy, my dear Scudamore, with all my heart, of your success with her Ladyship—don't be discouraged at any repulse she gives you—did she not tell you she owed her life to you; then why not compound the debt with her honor?—You have set me on fire by your description; and a little cruel piece of prudery here has inflamed me *in propria*

pria persona; so that, damn me, if I am not between two fires, as we say in the Coldstream.—Do you recollect Lady Georgiana Shirley, daughter of the Earl of Belmont?—if you have ever once seen her you *must*;—the dear, delicious angel; the very essence of Virtue, yet, the very figure of Temptation, with a fair complexion, dark hazel eyes, nut-brown hair, a neck like alabaster, and a heart like *ice*, egad—for, damn me if ever I could melt it—and if Colonel Neville could not, I hear my Scudamore exclaim, what mortal can?—aye, but one Belville has—a fellow with the cant of virtue, and *all that*—but I'll have revenge.—I broke my passion to Lady Georgiana, told her I doated on her, sighed, fell at her feet, and acted an hundred extravagancies—her answer was, she hated me.—What shall I do to

D 5. be.

58 BELMONT CASTLE.

be revenged?—counsel me, my dear fellow, tell me how I shall triumph over the chastity of my Georgiana, and the pride of Belville.

Adieu,

Yours ever,

HENRY NEVILLE.

LETTER

LETTER X.

MISS JULIANA BLANDFORD, TO LADY
GEORGIANA SHIRLEY.

Grosvenor-square—Friday, 12 o'clock.

OH, my Georgiana! how wouldst thou have been torn between hope and fear, hadst thou been a witness to the situation of thy friends—but I forbear the excruciating thought, the idea of my Georgiana's feelings distracts me more than the recollection, horrid as it must be, of my own danger.—Already do I see the sympathetic tear bursting from thy eye, already does thy breast throb, at perusing so alarming an introduction; but it is cruel to keep you in suspense, and

and distracted as my thoughts are, I will endeavour to give you a circumstantial account of the proceedings of last night.

I accompanied Lady Fillamar to the play. Mrs. Siddons appeared in the character of Isabella, and the house, you may suppose was uncommonly crowded. The late extraordinary accident at Sir James Dashton's, brought on me the eyes of numbers, and among the rest, of one whom I could perceive stealing the most eager glances; he appeared to be about one and twenty, but such a mein! such a figure! Oh, my Georgiana, they beggared all description, but difficult as may be the task, I shall attempt to pourtray him.

His person was one of the most commanding, and, at the same time, the most graceful, I ever beheld; the most happy

happy union of strength and elegance reigned throughout.—The Apollo of Belvedere itself, must yield to him, as a model of excellence.

His complexion, though not delicately fair, was as beautiful as the most happy composition of the brightest vermillion, and the most brilliant pearl.—But his eyes! his eyes darted such looks as penetrated to the very soul, at the same time that there shone from them such a god-like benignity as inspired confidence and love.

The first glance that I directed to him I felt my face suffused with a burning blush, and I had such sensations as I never before experienced. I was embarrassed to such a degree, that all the woes of the divine Siddons could not chain down my attention, and in vain did I attempt to prevent my eyes from wandering

dering to that fascinating object.—The charming stranger certainly perceived my situation, for often as I dared to steal a glance, I perceived his eyes rivetted; and then when he found himself discovered, he endeavoured to conceal his emotions, by directing his attention to the play, though his distracted look, and sudden blush, easily told where his thoughts were employed.

In the middle of the fourth act, we were surprised by the cry of fire.—All was in the most alarming confusion—my eyes were, by I know not what impulse, directed to the stranger; and I perceived him, struggling through the crowd, and his looks directed towards me. Several gentlemen, coming to our assistance, urged us to entrust ourselves to their care, and I saw no more of the charming unknown.

Through

Through the dreadful tumult I was torn from Lady Fillamar, when overcome by terror, heat, and fatigue, I fainted away.—In this situation, I must have continued a considerable time, for on my recovering, I found myself in a strange room, with several females and a gentleman, none of whose faces I knew, busily employed to recover me—I instantly exclaimed, where am I?—Where is Lady Fillamar!—tell me, tell me, is she safe!—don't be alarmed, my angel, cried the man or rather monster, as he afterwards proved;—Lady Fillamar is safe, and there are none here but friends.—Be not alarmed, my angel!—then beckoning to the females, they left the room. — Blest be this propitious night, he cried, that gives me possession of such an angel! and instantly the wretch attempted to seize me in his arms; but springing from him,

him, in an agony of despair, I shrieked aloud for help—save yourself that trouble, exclaimed the monster, all here are privy to my design.—You had better therefore yield with a good grace to that which you must undergo; and again was he seizing me in his arms: I fell at his feet, and conjured him by every sacred name, to spare a hapless maiden, when in the very instant, the door burst open, and who should appear but the very stranger whose regards I had attracted at the play-house.—Oh my guardian angel! I exclaimed, save me, save me! and I ran into his arms.—Be assured of my protection, replied the heavenly stranger, be assured of thy safety. And thou, vile monster, said he, with a voice like thunder, thou who couldst dare to violate such distrest innocence, instantly begone, or dread the effects of that resentment which thy
brutality

brutality may well inspire.—Begone! exclaimed the wretch—no! not till I have secured my prize, and chastised thee for so insolent an intrusion.—With those words he sprung towards me—but the gallant stranger presenting himself before me, saved me from his unhallowed touch.—They instantly engaged, for they were both armed, and in a moment the hated monster fell.—The stranger then, calling to the vile inhabitants of the house, ordered them to take care of their abominable guest.—Then supporting me down stairs, for the terror I had undergone rendered me almost unable to walk, he handed me into a coach, and by my desire, ordered him to drive to Grosvenor-square.

Before I had time to offer my acknowledgments, he addressed me in these words:—how happy do I esteem
myself

66 BELMONT CASTLE.

myself that the commencement of an acquaintance with the most lovely of her sex, should give me any claim on her friendship; how supremely happy that I should be the means of rescuing from ruin such divine excellence.—Oh, sir, I exclaimed, how shall I thank you! where shall I find words to express the grateful overflowings of my soul?—But what opinion must you have formed of me from such a situation as you discovered me in; or by what providential chance were your steps directed to that vile house?—Be composed, fair excellence, he replied; to-morrow will unravel all—suffice it to say, for the present, that after making eager search for you through all the avenues of the theatre, some chance, surely more than human, directed my steps through the street where I discovered you; as I passed by a house some female shrieks assailed

assailed my ear, and the feelings of a man urged me to learn the cause—with a drawn sword I rushed through a crowd of wretched women who endeavoured to oppose my passage, and at length gained the apartment where you were confined—but we are already arrived. To-morrow, with your kind permission, I shall wait on you, when I shall hope to find you recovered from the alarms of this disastrous night.—The carriage stopped, and having conducted me up the steps, the stranger disappeared.

I found Sir John and Lady F—, in a state little remote from distraction, at my absence; and their joy at my recovery was little removed from insanity. But when I related to them my miraculous escape, we all fell on our knees, and joined in thanksgiving to that beneficent

66 BELMONT CASTLE.

myself that the commencement of an acquaintance with the most lovely of her sex, should give me any claim on her friendship; how supremely happy that I should be the means of rescuing from ruin such divine excellence.—Oh, sir, I exclaimed, how shall I thank you! where shall I find words to express the grateful overflowings of my soul?—But what opinion must you have formed of me from such a situation as you discovered me in; or by what providential chance were your steps directed to that vile house?—Be composed, fair excellence, he replied; to-morrow will unravel all—suffice it to say, for the present, that after making eager search for you through all the avenues of the theatre, some chance, surely more than human, directed my steps through the street where I discovered you; as I passed by a house some female shrieks assailed

assailed my ear, and the feelings of a man urged me to learn the cause—with a drawn sword I rushed through a crowd of wretched women who endeavoured to oppose my passage, and at length gained the apartment where you were confined—but we are already arrived. To-morrow, with your kind permission, I shall wait on you, when I shall hope to find you recovered from the alarms of this disastrous night.—The carriage stopped, and having conducted me up the steps, the stranger disappeared.

I found Sir John and Lady F—, in a state little remote from distraction, at my absence; and their joy at my recovery was little removed from insanity. But when I related to them my miraculous escape, we all fell on our knees, and joined in thanksgiving to that beneficent

ficient Being, by whose divine Providence I had been rescued from destruction.—But I am called away—Oh my Georgiana!

Adieu!—how I burn with impatience! and yet, how I tremble to approach him! * * *

JULIANA BLANDFORD, *in Continuation—*

Three o'Clock.

OH! my Georgiana!—would'st thou believe it!—the lovely stranger is thy brother.—'twas he—'twas—'twas Lord

Lord Mortimer rescued thy Juliana—
'twas he saved her from destruction!

When I came down to the drawing-room, Lady Fillamar arose, and taking me by the hand, my Lord, said she, allow me to present to you Miss Blandford—my Juliana, this, your deliverer, is Lord Mortimer, the brother of your Georgiana.—Luckily I had reached a chair, for my tottering limbs were no longer able to support me—a deadly pale-ness and deeper crimson, alternately had posseſſion of my face; I attempted to articulate, but my voice refused its office. Your noble brother perceived my confuſion, but he kindly devised an excuse, and attributed it to the effects of last night!—“Miss Blandford, I perceive, is still too much affected by the confusion of the play-house.”—Amiable delicacy! he carefully avoided to mention that part
of

of the night in which he had so large a share.—“My Lord, (I cried) how shall I thank,”—No thanks, I insist upon it—let not the too sensible Juliana encrease her agitation by mentioning so disagreeable a subject. The character of Miss Blandford, continued he, has long since been well known to me. I had imagined it flattered beyond what human nature would admit, but I now see that even the warm partiality of such a friend as Georgiana, could not do it justice.—But I am denied time, my Georgiana, to relate to you the particulars of this interesting conversation. Lord Mortimer informed us, that, impatient after three years absence to embrace a father and his sisters, he proposed to set out for Belmont-castle in the evening, and he now waits for this letter.

How, my Georgiana, how do I envy your feelings; how do I anticipate your joy.

SELMONT CASTLE. 71

joy on the reception of such a brother!
But, unwilling to detain him, I must bid
you a hasty adieu.

JULIANA.

LETTER

LETTER XI.

FROM LADY GEORGIANA SHIRLEY, TO
MISS JULIANA BLANDFORD.

Belmont-Castle.

IT is true, my dearest Juliana, I am in possession of all the generality of females call blessings; title, youth, affluence, and, if I may give any credit to my glass, some little share of beauty: yet, still your Georgiana is not happy; —a too expressive sensibility renders her the weathercock of every nice, every delicate, every tender feeling;—good Heavens!— I tremble at the thought of meeting

meeting a too amiable youth!—into what strange perplexities and misfortunes might not my too sensible heart transport me!—into what sorrows too might not *her's* lead my Juliana!—I tremble for *you*—I tremble for *myself*; for, my dear, my amiable friend, are not our souls of the same temper?—has not Providence given to Georgiana and Juliana the same tender sympathies, the same delicacy of feeling, the same elegance of sentiment? But my Papa has sent for me—adieu—for the present! * * * * *

* * * * *

‘ You sent for me, Papa?’—‘ Yes, my child, my love, my Georgiana!—You know I have ever consulted your happiness, ever watched over your education with a father’s tenderness.’ ‘ Ever, my dear Papa, you ever have;’—cried I, melting into tears;—‘ you have ever

E been

been my tenderest, best Papa ; you have been too, too indulgent, and your Georgiana will never be forgetful of your kindness.' 'I did not send for you, my child, to upbraid you ; but to acquaint you with my efforts for your welfare.— You are now seventeen, and it would give me the truest pleasure to see you settled, before the grave levels my honors and titles with the dust :—I have, therefore, my child, provided you with a husband—one who'—I heard no more,—at the name of *husband*, my sight failed me,—a cold tremor shook my knees, and I fell senseless on the floor.— I lay in this state of insensibility six hours, —when I recovered, I found myself in bed ;—my father, my brother, my sister Cecilia, and my faithful Laura, weeping around me.—They tell me I am at times delirious—and that then I can repeat nothing but—‘*husband*’—and ‘*Juliana*.’

I am

I am now pretty well recovered—the embraces of a beloved brother have wrought in me the happiest of changes; Laura too consoles me; the poor creature sheds with me tear for tear—but my naughty brother interrupts me.

‘ Well, sister, my sweetest Georgiana, you look charmingly this morning—what, writing?—and to our lovely friend Juliana;—and he sighed—‘ why do you sigh, brother?’—‘ Have I not cause?’ he said—and laid his hand upon his heart—‘ Oh, too enchanting Juliana!’ and he burst into tears.—Your Georgiana could not refrain from mingling her tears with his—he begged me to intercede for him with my lovely friend—melted as I then was how could I refuse?—he kissed my hand with rapture—called me his angel, his amiable, amiable sister—expressions how flattering from a brother so beloved, so doated on

as Mortimer by his Georgiana!—‘Must I bribe my Georgiana’s intercession?’—and he held me out your letter which he almost devoured with kisses. * * *

LETTER XI.—*in continuation.*

How have you alarmed me, my dear, my amiable friend!—what a strange variety of emotions did your last raise in my soul.—Joy, sorrow, anger, surprize, terror, despair, hope and anxiety, each in turn agitated your Georgiana, and reigned triumphant in her sympathetic bosom. ‘What,’ cried I in tears, ‘must have

have been the feelings of my Juliana, at finding herself at such an hour, and in such a house, in the arms of such a monster!—Gracious Heaven!—what must have been the terrors and wild despair of Lady Fillamar at the loss of her lovely charge.—All-seeing Providence, how art thou entitled to our most heart-felt acknowledgments for my Juliana's miraculous escape!—what sincere joy do I feel at her deliverance!—what joy too that Mortimer, the brother of her friend, her Georgiana, was the happy instrument of her release; he loves, doats on my Juliana—she too is not insensible to his perfections! Happy, happy Georgiana!—could she to the name of friend add the more tender and endearing appellation of —sister.

Mortimer, my brother, the amiable Mortimer, has confessed to me the secret of his heart; he sighs for Juliana—do

my lovely friend, pity your Mortimer;
pity the brother of your Georgiana!—
alleviate his sufferings—else let me sweetly
blame my Juliana.—Cecilia too, the lively
Cecilia, joins in my intreaties; she
vows she will ever love her dear, sweet,
little Juliana—adieu—pity Mortimer—
pity your Georgiana—*husband!* I tremble at the name! —

GEORGIANA SHIRLEY.

LETTER

L E T T E R X I I .

FROM THE HON. H. F. SCUDAMORE, TO
COLONEL NEVILLE.

Harley-Place.

SINCE my last, oh, magnanimous Colonel, I have been within a point of ruining myself for ever.—All my bright prospects, all my glowing hopes, had my imprudent haste nearly destroyed. My cursed impatience!—oh, I could rave—but soft!—these transports better suit another place, and other ears than thine.—Thank heaven, the danger is past and has left, yes, my friend, it has left

this golden consolation, this extatically transporting reflection behind it, that she, my fair one, my Eliza, does not—angels catch the sounds, and waft them thro' the bright æther on your purple pinions—does not hate the happy Scudamore; prepare for an innundation of joy, and bliss unutterable.

Yesterday evening I walked over to the Grove—the setting sun gilded the western hemisphere with a rich Tyrian dye. the fleecy flocks and feathered songsters had retired to rest—all save the love-lorn Philomel, who in plaintive strains re-echoed thro' the grove. My heart was softened—all nature seemed in union with my feelings.—Give me my Eliza, heaven, I cried, or end at once this worthless being! Such were my reflections on turning into the house, where—oh, transport unutterable! oh, bliss unspeakable!—I found that urgent business had drawn Lord

Clairville

Clairville to London, whence he was not to return for three days—to my designs three ages.—I approached the music-room, and heard the organ breathe forth such dulcet symphonies as might well proceed from the fingers of a divinity.—Happy *Pergolesi!* never before were thy conceptions realised.—I stole in softly—the *adagio* she was playing entered into my soul—the lovely Eliza too seemed to feel it, and at the close reclined her head pensively on her snowy hand.—She heaved a balmy sigh, so languishly sweet that my soul was wrapped in Elysium. My bosom too heaved responsive—she heard me, turned suddenly her lovely head, and with a blush that made the ruby pale, exclaimed, ‘Good Heaven, Mr. Scudamore!’ ‘Be not alarmed, Madam,’ cried I, ‘nor with the poisoned drop of your indignation, dash the cup of

E 5 felicity,

felicity which the beneficent hand of Fortune offers to my lips.—Nay, start not, stir not, fly not, loveliest of women!—I adore you, worship you—my waking thoughts, my sleeping ideas are occupied with your beauteous image.—Oh, happy sleep! in whose bounteous arms I find a refuge from my torture, for then is my Eliza kind—but, alas, whither has my passion hurried me?—I thought in eternal silence to have buried that carking, corroding care which consumes my vitals, wastes my strength, and leaves me but the shadow of what once was Scudamore!—and I burst into tears.—Her lovely hand still remaining clasped in mine, I pressed it in an agony of distress to my eyes and my forehead.—‘Rise, Sir,’ exclaimed the dear angel, with a firm dignity of manner which petrified my soul, and numbed all my mental and corporal faculties like the stroke of a spent thunderbolt,

derbolt, 'rise, Sir; I have already heard too much—more than friendship can demand, or honour warrant—tyrant honour! cruel love! oh my torn heart! rise I beseech, command you—consider if we should be seen.' 'Seen my life, my angel,' I exclaimed, 'who is to see?

"——Come thick night

" And pall thee in the dunkest smoke of hell;

" Nor heaven peep thro the curtain of the dark

" To view my happiness."

Oh, my Lady Clairville!—Gods, thank you!—and I caught her in my arms—but, ah, my friend, what is this world? Vain are our hopes of sublunary bliss;—even at the very moment when man, presumptuous, short-sighted man, delights himself with a bright perspective of ideal happiness, the storm arises, the clouds condense, and the whole airy vision is dashed by some left-handed God!—Pardon this observation, my dearest friend,

it.

it flows spontaneous from my heart, and I cannot—I wish not to restrain its feelings.

The dear, terrified angel, shocked at my audacity, instantly disengaged herself from my embrace, and throwing herself at my feet, her lovely hair dishevelled, her bright eyes suffused in tears—‘ Kill me, barbarian,’ she exclaimed, ‘ draw thy bright sword, sacred ever to honour and to justice, and sheathe it at once in this bosom while it is yet spotless, nor sully the purity of her, who to you, and for you would sacrifice her life, her soul, her all except her honour !’—Curse on my weakness—wouldst thou believe it, that I, thy Scudamore, should from my dearest purpose be baffled by sighs and prayers and woman’s lamentations?—yet, oh, my Neville, hadst thou beheld as I did the lovely mourner prostrate on the carpet—at your feet—had you heard her piercing cries—had you felther briny tears, more bright

bright than orient pearl, fast dropping on your heart—had you, I say, felt all this, what had been your feelings?—you must, yes, my friend, must as I did have passed the glorious, golden opportunity—I know his generous nature, ever tremblingly alive to the soft suggestions of philanthropic humanity, must at once have sunk before the united force of agonizing beauty, innocence in distress, and purity more bright than the purity of the angelic choir.

Adieu, my friend!—the monitory clock on the great stairs, with iron tongue and mouth of brass, warns me to rest—one—two—all nature is at peace except thy Scudamore, within whose breast an ague of tyrannic love despotic reigns—now firing my soul with glowing hopes—now freezing it with chilling fears—alas!—oh, for an eternal sleep!—Morpheus now lays his leaden mase upon my eyelids,

eyelids,—once more adieu!—I go to dream of my beloved—dear, enchanting charmer!—but I must to bed!—to bed! to bed!—

H. F. SCUDAMORE.

LETTER.

L E T T E R XIII.

FROM LADY GEORGINA SHIRLEY, TO
MISS JULIANA BLANDFORD.

Belmont-Castle,

OH, my dearest Juliana, how am I plagued to death with Colonel Neville's odious assiduities; for this, my friend, is the husband my papa would have provided for me. My Juliana knows my papa's violent attachment to noble birth and antiquity of family. Colonel Neville is, it seems, next heir to a dukedom, and descended from the great Earl of Warwick, so famous in the plays of Shakespeare. Vain honours! empty sounds!

sounds! Give me the man I love and a cottage, and I'll resign, with pleasure, luxury and nobility of birth to the ambitious and the insensible.—I will try, my dear, to give you a description of Col. Neville—he is tall and well made, with a good complexion, white teeth, and the air of a man of fashion—but his eyes—oh, Juliana!—his eyes are impudence itself—none of that bashful timidity, that respectful expression, is conspicuous in them, which distinguishes the virtuous lover—his eyes convince me he is a rake—think of it my friend, he dared to look stedfastly at your Georgiana; and with a smile too—presumptuous man! His conversation too is not chaste, for he dares in my presence to laugh at sensibility.—When he addresses me, his voice, 'tis true, assumes a softness; but ah! my Juliana, I can discover in it none of those amiable hesitations,

tions, those faltering accents, periods interrupted by sighs and blushes, and those starts of passion so sweet, so amiable in love—which Werter uses to his Charlotte—poor unhappy Charlotte—amiable—but unfortunate Werter!—how oft has the recital of your pure but luckless passion drawn the tear of sympathetic tenderness from mine eye!—my tears blind me—why hast thou, Oh Governor of the universe! given me a heart so soft—so susceptible of tender impressions?

I blush my dear to tell you that a young farmer, who has within these few days become a tenant of my papa's—has raised in my breast an emotion which neither the Marquis of Beaujolois nor Col. Neville have ever been able to inspire me with. Oh, heavens, my unhappy lot!—that my heart should feel for a person, to an union with whom it is impossible my

papa

papa should ever consent!—Oh, my Julianæ, must I confess to you my weakness? —I adore him.—How did my Georgiana meet this victor, mayest thou say, where? —when?—how?—You shall hear—at church I perceived his eyes constantly directed to our seat;—his countenance open and touching to an extreme arrested my attention.—I ventured to *steal* a look at this too amiable youth, his eyes met mine;—we were both confused, and cast our eyes downward, he blushed, and your Georgiana underwent a total suffusion; his eyes spoke unutterable things, and I thought I could perceive a silent tear steal gently down his cheek.— Perhaps, cried I to myself, perhaps he doats on some more beautiful, more happy maiden—for her that tear flows; for her that sigh is heaved. Lady Georgiana he does not aspire to thee—collect thyself—let not a rustic see thy weakness.

ness.—How would the Earl of Belmont, thought I again, think of his daughter, his Georgiana, if he supposed her capable of bestowing a thought on a peasant,—a cottager?—He would cast out your poor, forlorn Georgiana, from his bosom, as a stain upon his blood.—Adieu—I go to make enquiry about this charming stranger.—perhaps he may not be what he seems; perhaps, but let me not indulge the flattering delusion.—Adieu! a thousand times adieu.—Pray for your

GEORGIANA SHIRLEY:

LETTER

LETTER XIV.

FROM MONTAGUE BELVILLE, Esq. TO
JOHN EVELYN, Esq.

Elwood-Farm.

WHEN I gave my friend a promise of describing to him the beauties and situation of my farm, I was not aware of the arduous task I had undertaken; however, as my enemies could never upbraid me with breaking my word, I should consider myself void of every principle of honor and gratitude did I prove less faithful to my friends.

This delightful and romantic spot, to which, since my arrival, I have given
the

the name of Elwood-Farm, is beautifully situated on the slope of a hill, enamelled with daisies, violets and the purple heath. Close to the door of my humble cottage runs a meandering rivulet, which serves at once for beauty and for use—when the fatigue of my spirits has thrown a pleasing languor over my limbs, the murmuring of this limpid stream ‘invites one to sleep,’—and when the golden sun darts on it its clearing beam, the reflection of this glassy rivulet casts a silver brightness over the windows of my rural dwelling.—

“ Oh ! Sun, how pleasing are thy rays,
 “ Reflected from the polish’d face
 “ Of yon resplendent streams.” —

And, Oh !

Ye streams, if e’er your banks I lov’d,
 If e’er your native sounds improved,
 May each soft murmur soothe my fair,
 Or Oh!—twill deepen my dispair.

A little

A little beyond the rivulet, my friend,
 lies a small, but beautiful and level lawn,
 where my fleecy flocks brouze in safety,
 and where my tender lambs and lamb-
 kins sport and ba-a in lovely native inno-
 cence——and for my cattle——Oh!
 Evelyn,

“ Not my fields, in the prime of the year,
 “ More charms than my cattle unfold.”

The feathered songsters, too, ope their
 little throats, and it is impossible to con-
 ceive—

“ From the plains, from the woodlands and groves,
 “ What strains of wild melody flow;
 “ How the Nightingales warble their loves
 “ From thickets of roses that blow,”

And would my Georgiana but once deign
 to visit my humble cottage, I have
 had so many rehearsals of my little natu-
 ral musicians—

That

“ That when her bright form shall appear,
 “ The birds shall harmoniously join
 “ In a concert so soft, and so clear,
 “ As—she may not be fond to resign.”

But, alas! my friend, all these *natural* beauties, I fear, will decay through your Belville's inattention—the rivulet no longer purl; the feathered songsters warble; nor any fences restrain my cattle, for, since—

“ Georgiana vouchsafed me a look,
 “ I never once DREAM'D of my vine—
 “ May I lose both my pipe and my crook,
 “ If I knew of a kid that was mine.”

Ah, too lovely Georgiana! if sleep perchance close my eye-lids, it is but to dream of thee.—I, for a moment, cease to feel my woes and sorrows; nay, even think I am happy:—

“ I think



“ I think I press with kisses pure
“ Your lovely rosy lips ;
“ And you’re my bride, I think—I’m sure,
“ ’Till gold the mountain tips.”

Forgive this apostrophe, my Evelyn, it was involuntary—the name of Georgiana acts as a charm upon me, and steals me from myself. But to return to my farm,—trees, shrubs, roots, flowers, spread themselves profusely over its surface, and it charms in all the various, delightful, pleasing diversities of wood and water—no other rustic (for so I now stile myself) can boast that he possesses.—

“ So white a flock, so green a field.”

How if Georgiana deign to accept my vows!—transporting thought!—how if she deign to become my bride, to unite her fate with mine; and “ to travel with me hand in hand down life’s steep vale.”

“ How

" How if she deign my love to bleſs,
" My fair one muſt not hope for drefs." —

But ſhe will not—I know her ſenſe—I
know her mild and contented, placid
diſpoſition, and beside,—

" I told my nymph, I told her true,
" My fields were ſmall, my flockſ were few."

But I have trespaſſed too far on my
Evelyn's paſtience; ſuffice it to ſay, that
my cottage and farm contain every beau-
ty that art or nature can beſtow, and
what chiefly endears them to the heart
of Belville is, that a walk of ten minutes
transports him to the groves of Bel-
mont—the Earl too, Evelyn, as a re-
ward for ſaving his Georgiana from a
ram, has given me permission to ſport
on his demesne, where chance may pro-
cure me an interview with the idol of

F my

98 BELMONT CASTLE.

my soul!—Oh! Evelyn, rejoice with—
congratulate

Your

M. BELVILLE.

P. S.

There is nothing like perfect hap-
piness in this life—I have just
learned that three of my cows are
in pound for trespassing on the Vi-
car's glebe——unfeeling man!!

LETTER]

LETTER XV.

FROM LADY GEORGIANA SHIRLEY, TO
MISS JULIANA BLANDFORD.

Belmont Castle.

THE sympathetic heart of my Juliana will surely rejoice at my good fortune.—My faithful Laura has formed an acquaintance with Belville, for that is the name of the dear unknown, who—‘clad in humble russet grey,’ has made such ravage in the heart of your poor Georgiana.—He is continually sauntering about the groves of Belmont, like the disconsolate shade of some unhappy

100 BELMONT CASTLE.

lover.—She has observed him walk frequently in the dusk of the evening with downcast eyes, folded arms, and irregular step.—Good heaven! how fortunate if I prove the cause of his uneasiness—adieu for a few hours—a walk round the shrubbery will give me more spirits for conversation with my Juliana.



OH! my Juliana what an escape!—blessed Providence! oh! the gallant Belville! prodigy of strength, tenderness and courage!—oh my Juliana what an escape!—my reflections did not allow

me

me to perceive that I had strolled beyond the shrubbery and had got to some distance from the castle—I was suddenly roused by the appearance of a furious Ram—what could I do?—I attempted to run, but fear had fixed me to the ground—the raging animal made towards me with all its force—the fright and near approach of danger had such an immediate effect on me that I sunk into a swoon—when oh! my friend, who should appear at that moment but Belville the lovely stranger; he saw my danger and flew like lightning to my assistance—ran between the animal and your Georgiana, seized it by the horns, and with one effort flung it over the paling into the road.

When I came to myself I found I was in the arms of my deliverer, who had used every means to recover me:—my

F 3 surprize

surprise at finding myself in such a situation with my head reclined on the bosom of Belville, threw me again into a swoon;—at length he brought me to myself, raised me up, and with the tenderest accents enquired after my health.—I thanked him;—he offered me the assistance of his arm—how could I in gratitude have refused it?—he ventured to press my hand;—how could I have resented it?—I felt hurt at his presumption—but my heart forbade me to chide.
“Sir,” said I—“you have bravely saved my life at the hazard of your own;”—and I presented to him my purse. “No, Madam,” cried he, interrupting—“tho’ I wear a peasant’s garb, yet my soul is superior to my condition, I have seen better days”, and he burst into tears,
“no, lovely Lady Georgiana—by assisting you, Belville is more than overpaid, all he desires is that Lady Georgiana will sometimes

sometimes deign to think of one who would with pleasure lay down his life in her service—that she will not despise a person whose only happiness in life is, that he has been the fortunate instrument of Lady Georgiana's preservation".

The pathetic manner in which he uttered these words, kneeling all the while, affected me extremely. "Rise, Mr. Belville," said I, stretching out my hand, which he kissed with fervour, "be assured I have too much grateful sensibility ever to forget my deliverer, one so generous, so disinterested."—We had by this time approached the castle, Belville bowed and left me; as we parted I thought I could perceive the big tear start from his expressive eye, which seemed to say, "adieu Lady Georgiana, your Belville doats on, adores you."

The moment I got home, I retired to my chamber and gave vent to my feelings in a flood of tears.—How I pity Belville! pity did I say? alas! I fear I love him. Have I not often told my Julian a how unhappy that tyrant passion would render her friend, her Georgiana? I at this moment feel a presentiment of some heavy misfortune—ah! teach his *grateful* I am ashamed to say—*doating* Georgiana how to thank her Belville!

3 o'clock.

OH! my tormented heart!—all is hurry and confusion at the castle. Mr. Belville, when he threw the raging animal

mal into the road, overturned the Vicar's gig. The doctor threatens him with an action, which my papa has promised to defend.—Adieu—adieu.—Oh! how I long for my Juliana to indulge my sorrows, and spend in her dear, dear society, a few half hours of elegant distress!

GEORGIANA SHIRLEY.

P. S.

Sir James Dashton has composed the following elegant morceau on my escape from the Ram.—

“ Sweet-briar wounds—the rose has thorns,
“ And eke, alas! the *Ram* has *borns*.
“ But this huge *Ram* had been a *bore*,
“ If *Georgiana* he should *gore*.”

L E T T E R XVI.

FROM MONTAGUE BELVILLE, Esq.
TO JOHN EVELYN, Esq.,

Elwood-Farm,

CONGRATULATE me, my dear, dear Evelyn, on my unexpected good fortune. I have succeeded beyond my utmost hope—for, how could I have had the presumption to expect that I, all unworthy as I am, could have made any impression on a heart so fraught with every excellence, so replete with every accomplishment, so discerning, yet so innocent, so tender, yet so guarded, so free from

from suspicion, yet so fenced by natural modesty, so elegant, so perfect, so superior, yet so unpresuming as her's?—No, Evelyn, it were impossible, did not some secret divinity uphold me and lead me to that paradise I sought—that paradise where ever blooming sweets shed their enticing and chearing perfumes—where the lilly and the rose, the pink and the auricula, the geranium and carnation, the sweet-briar and violet, the hiacinth and the hare-bell, blend their various colours and each by the brightness of its own, throws a lustre over the tint of the other.—The sensibility of her soul, my dear Evelyn, is only to be equalled by the graces of her person, and the enchanting softness of her manners—of whose person? of whose manners?—you will exclaim. Why, whose but the lady Georgiana's? There is to me on earth no object but her, *none* did I say? yes Evelyn, *thy* friendshipp,

friendship, *thy* goodness steals my imagination at times even from the enchanting Georgiana.

Yesterday I walked forth in despondency I knew not whither; judge then of my astonishment, when on passing my charmer's favourite arbour, the name of Bellville pronounced by a female voice, in the accent of the Avon swan, sweetly vibrated on mine ear. I stopped, listened, found I was beloved, ran and fell on my knees before her; the lively colour forsook her cheeks, her eyes closed and—Georgiana fainted. A tender sympathy deprived me also, for some moments, of my faculties. I soon recovered—the situation of my angel alarmed me. What was to be done? I dare not call for assistance; nor had I my *eau de luce* in my pocket. In my eagerness and confusion I put my hand on my snuff-box, threw out the rappee, ran to the limpid rivulet, filled

the

the box with the flowing stream and—
recovered my Georgiana.—The dear
angel opened her languishing eyes and
thanked me with ineffable sweetness—
we both dissolved into tears—at length
the dinner bell rang and we must part,
she smiled and bade me not despair—
and when she smiled, my Evelyn, as the
judicious Lee expresses it.—

“Not sea-born Venus in the courts beneath
“When the green nymphs first kissed her coral lips,
“All polished, fair and washed with orient beauty,
“Could in my dazzling fancy match her brightness.”

Oh! Evelyn! Georgiana must and
shall be mine—I have no fortune, no at-
tractive titles—for himself alone she loves
the happy Belville.—Lady Cecilia
sure does not suspect my passion! but
must she not?—when I gaze my soul
away, when my tell-tale eyes but too
plainly discover what my heart would
wish to conceal.—Why then do I delay
to

110 BELMONT CASTLE.

to disclose to the old and venerable Earl
my passion for his lovely, angelic Georgi-
ana?—adieu—his Evelyn shall ever be
nearest the heart of

M. BELVILLE.

LETTER

LETTER XVII.

FROM THE HON. H. F. SCUDAMORE,
TO COL. BELVILLE.

Harley-Place.

OH, my friend, I fear, much I fear,
my weakness has ruined me.—Twice
since I last wrote to thee, have I been at
the Grove, but in vain.—Lady Clair-
ville refuses, obstinately refuses to receive
me.—She is ill, dear suffering saint,
and thy Scudamore sighs in all the an-
guish of sympathetic sorrow.—Alas,
I am the cause, the unhappy cause of
her calamity.—Clairville too, the mon-
ster,

112 BELMONT CASTLE.

ster, maltreats her.—What shall I do? Good angels, guard my love!—Oh my heart, my agonizing heart!—curse on this woman's weakness.

Last night I again attempted to gain admission at the grove, but, alas, without success.—As I returned, my steps were involuntarily led to the spot where I had the happiness to preserve the invaluable life of my Eliza. A thousand tender ideas came crowding in my soul; the sky was clear, the azure vault was spangled with myriads of stars, which, as we are told in the sacred volume of Truth, “run their course rejoicing.” The moon in maiden modesty arose, and shed a silver light over the solemn scene; all nature was serene, I looked up to heaven, the tears flowed down my cheeks. Alas, thought I, why was I born? Why sent into this breathing world? What is the world to me without my love? and she,

she, Oh, misery! Oh, distraction! disdains me. Cruel Eliza!—unpitiful stars, ye shine as bright as though my love were kind; the moon too, has arisen in cloudless majesty, as much composed as though my soul were calm.—See her bright face unmoved; the beasts, the birds too are retired to rest, and all the functions of nature are exercised in the ordinary *routine*, regardless of my miseries. Oh, Heavens! Oh, earth! Oh, seas! Oh, skies! bear witness to my sorrows; and ye chaste stars, answer, if in your nocturnal revolution ye have, with rays beneficent, glimmered on the griefs of such a wretch as Scudamore!

My fancy could not sustain the picture of misery which my reason had drawn, and I sunk down on the verdant green-sward in an agony of despair. Yes, my Eliza, I exclaimed, we shall meet both here

114 BELMONT CASTLE.

here and hereafter—we shall know one another again—and I hung my pensive head meditating on futurity, and the transmigration of souls.

Suddenly the scene was changed, the clouds gathered, and in an instant burst on my defenceless head in cataracts of rain; the hoarsely bellowing thunder muttered out discontent; the vivid glare of the brisk lightning flashed forth indignation; I was wet to the skin, but what of that?—

“ —The tempest in my mind,

“ Did from my senses take all feeling else,

“ Save what beat there.”

It is well, I cried, this jarring conflict of the elements, faint emblem of the discordant passions which rend my heart, suits well with the gloomy habit of my soul—but Oh! the unhappy mariners, exposed to the pelting of this pitiless storm;

how

how shall they bear it, when the laboring bark climbs the foamy surge as high as to the heavens, and ducks again as low as to the shades of Tartarus.—Yes,— gallant seamen, for you I feel—and my cheeks were again suffused with briny torrents!—but my passion for Eliza has rendered me but too sensible of the sorrows of others—pity the *foibleſſe* of my heart—I am as weak as a child.

All this while I stood on the common exposed, defenceless, to the rage of the elements.—I stood unmoved; unfeeling, as if I had forgot myself to stone. To sooth my sorrows and calm the tempest of my mind, I took out of my pocket, (which I always carry about me) a patent flute of Potter's, with the additional keys—I touched the instrument, which vibrated on my ear in sympathetic sorrow, strains suited to my state:

“ Water

" Water parted from the sea."

And, the heavenly air of the divine
Jackson:

" For ever Fortune wilt thou prove,
" An unrelenting foe to me."

Cruel Fortune, I exclaimed, unscrewing my flute, and putting it again into my pocket, when will thy malice have an end?—and I burst again into tears.

But here I was interrupted by the arrival of my chariot, which my trusty William had prepared and brought forth in quest of me—I suffered myself to be conducted back to Harley-Place, where I found a chicken boiled for my supper, and a blazing wood-fire in the chimney. Shall I confess it to you, my friend, spite of my feelings, spite of my love for Eliza, I changed my clothes, eat my chicken,

chicken, and drank a flask of Burgundy after it. And can thy angelic purity, my love, forgive such gross sensuality? Thou who art purity itself!—impossible. Yet, thou art good and tender as thou art beautiful—still will I hope for thy forgiveness, and in the awful hour of dissolution, that dear reflection shall sooth my sorrow, and calm the agonies of my soul in her departing moments!

With grief I find, my friend, that the frail machine which wraps me, the prison of my soul, is unequal to these flights of sensibility.—I am, to-day, confined to my chamber with a violent sore throat and swelled jaw;—my voice is scarce audible, and I am so enveloped in flannel, that, between my love and this disguise, thou wouldest hardly know thy Scudamore; but whatever change cruel Destiny may inflict on my outward form,

118 BELMONT CASTLE.

my heart is still the same, and tells me
in silent accents, that I am,

And ever shall be,

My dear Belville's

Most affectionate friend,

The unhappy

H R SCUDAMORE.

TTER

LETTER XVIII.

FROM LADY GEORGIANA SHIRLEY, TO
MISS JULIANA BLANDFORD.

Belmont-Castle.

OH! my dearest Juliana, what a discovery!—give me joy a thousand times. Belville has *confessed* to me he loves me, with a passion still more violent, if possible, than mine for him.—Strange! you will say, that Belville, the hitherto timid, respectful Belville, the youth who sighed at humble distance, should have dared to *confess* a passion for your lovely Georgiana!—not quite so surprising, my dear—but list.

Yesterday

Yesterday the weather was remarkably warm; and I had given orders for my *piano forte* to be removed to my favourite arbour, where Georgiana and her lovely Juliana have passed away so many pleasing hours of sensibility and innocence.—Thither I retired to enjoy the cooling breeze and think on Belville—the pleasing solitude of this delightful, sequestered, and romantic spot; the united odours of roses and jessamine, and eglantine; the warbling of birds, and the soft murmuring of a limpid rivulet, which you remember runs close to this enchanting bower—all, all conspired to throw me into the most agreeable lassitude and pleasing dejection of spirits.

Alas! said I to myself—how hard is the fate of wretched, wretched Georgiana!—‘ Ye little warblers: you are not restrained by tyrant custom from whispering your pure and innocent loves

to

to the object of your choice!—You have no rigid, cruel, cruel parents to force or restrain your inclinations; but free as the air, your kindred element, you hop from spray to spray accompanied by the charming partners of your cares and affections—bathe in the same rivulet—and when the descending sun warns you of night's approach, you retreat in cheerful, endearing innocence to the same pendent cottage, and repose like our first parents on the same downy pillow.

Here the reflection of my sorrows overcame me—and I sat some minutes, with my head reclined on my hand, dissolved in tears.—Oh! my friend, how would you at that moment have pitied your Georgiana! how would the sympathetic tear have glistened in my Julianà's eye! At length, ashamed of my weakness, I, after a violent effort, in some measure re-

122 BELMONT CASTLE.

covered myself—rose up and walked with trembling step towards the *Piano forte*—sat down, and began with the most lively expression that soothing strain, which, I told you, I had composed on my passion for the too charming Belville:

AIR I.

My tender, too sensible heart
Throbs quick when my Belville is near ;
But, alas ! when he strives to depart,
My soft cheek is bedewed with a tear.

II.

Thus the rose, when mild Zephyr appears
With emotion inclines its sweet head ;
And the dew-drops resemble my tears—
See—the rose-bud with weeping is red.

III.

I am like the soft down on the peach,
And Belville the insect within—
The juicy ripe heart he can reach,
But leaves its sweet bloom to the skin.

My

My tears, dearest Juliana, flowed with such unceasing rapidity towards the cadence of the last verse, that they prevented me from seeing Belville, who had during the symphony stolen into the arbour with the soft and silent step of love. Judge then of my feelings, my dear, my amiable friend, when I beheld the lovely youth at my feet, bathed in tears and pressing my hand with all the enthusiastic fervor of the tenderest rapture!—His touch thrilled to my soul—I sighed—breathed short—and fainted away.—When I came to myself, I found the terrified Belville, who was by this time recovered, (for he also had fallen into a swoon) still at my feet, and bathed in tears—‘Ah!’ cried he, in the softest, tenderest accents—‘do I behold my Georgiana revive?—do I once more see the carnation resume its empire over her cheek—the coral blush upon her pouting

lip, and the beam of love, innocence
and beauty glisten in her eye?—I do—
Georgiana revives, and I am happy!—

I remained all this time in a state of
the utmost confusion—I was ready to
sink at the thought of the discovery I
had made;—‘Rise Sir,’ said I faintly,
and striving to disengage my hand—
‘you have meanly intruded on my pri-
vacy and learned the secret of my heart;
but know sir,’ said I raising my voice,
‘my partiality for you is not so violent,
but I can resent your intrusion, and make
Mr Belville as much the object of my
hatred and aversion, as I am weak
enough to confess, he has been that of
my esteem and perhaps of’—my tears
and confusion stopped my utterance.—
‘Charming, angelic creature, lovely, en-
chanting Lady Georgiana,’ cried he, in
mournful accents, still holding my hand
in his, ‘do not, do not fly me!—pardon
the

the rudeness of my intrusion; pardon your Belville who adores you—chance alone brought me here—chance then alone should incur my Georgiana's displeasure;—and he burst into tears—his tears moved me—how could I see my Belville ‘kneel at my feet and sigh to be forgiven?’—‘Sir,’ replied I—‘your apology is sufficient and for this time I pardon you;’—he seized my hand and almost devoured it with kisses;—‘enchanting goodness,’ cried he, ‘oh, happy intrusion! oh, fortunate discovery!—now, now Fate I defy thy malice!—my Georgiana, that dear, enchanting idol of my soul, does not, does not hate me.’—At that moment the bell rang as a summons to dinner.—‘Leave me, Sir,’ cried I hastily,—‘what leave you Lady Georgiana, exclaimed he—and in this dreadful uncertainty of despair!‘Sir replied I, with a smile—he coward alone *despairs*—a

beam of joy and gratitude shot over his countenance; he kissed my hand with rapture—flew across the lawn and was out of sight in a moment.

With a thousand mixed emotions I moved slowly toward the castle—adieu, my dear, how I long for your friendly bosom to repose on.—My Father sure will never consent to my union with a person so much below me in birth and fortune as Mr. Belville—all is doubt—fear and distraction—adieu!—adieu!

GEORGIANA SHIRLEY.

LETTER

L E T T E R XIX.

FROM THE HON. H. F. SCUDAMORE, TO
COLONEL NEVILLE.

Portland-Place.

YOU will doubtless, Colonel, be not a little surprised at the date of this letter; but that scoundrel Clairville has by some vile means or other imbibed a suspicion of my attachment to his wife, and in an instant hurried her up to Portman-Square. I flew after them on the wings of love and rapturous expectation, and have sat at home, *perdue*, coiled up like an animated serpent, meditating mischief for

this fortnight.—I have imps employed to watch the door of Clairville's house, and learn from them that her ladyship never stirs out.—I know her attachment to the pleasures of London, and am therefore well convinced that the brute, her husband, restrains her liberty.—Gods! Ye mighty Gods! and shall such things be? Alas, my Eliza! why cannot I fly with thee to some desert wide and wild—there where no Clairvilles reign, press thee to my panting heart, and revel on thy beauties, unviewed by all, save the eyes of guardian angels who, recording our transports, would drop a tear of pity on the book, and blot them away for ever!

But ah, my friend, such bliss is denied to thy unhappy Scudamore—all day, all night I rave of nought but my Eliza. My head is unsettled—tears dim my eyes—I scarce know what I write.

Yesterday

* * * * *

Yesterday morning I came down to breakfast with only one stocking on, and without my *Robe de chambre*.—I poured the coffee into the sugar-bowl, and emptied the cream ewer into a caddie of gunpowder tea. My faithful William's patience is almost exhausted with my extravagancies.—Mirror of domestics! thy services shall not go unrewarded or forgotten; he brought me my other stocking and my gown—I suffered him to put them on, sitting myself all the time, like Patience on a monument smiling at grief, and insensible of his assiduities. But ah, my friend! what is exterior?—what is dress?—oh, Eliza! Eliza!

Think not, however, that my own miseries so completely fill my soul, but that in one corner there is still room to sym-

pathize with thee.—But alas, thou art not formed like me—those denials and difficulties but arouse your spirit which would sink me into the gloomy abyss of dark despair.—Yet, by heaven, I will not suffer alone!—No!—here I give my foolish dejection to the viewless winds!—avaunt my fears and now for enterprise.

‘ And damned be he that first cries—hold, enough!’

Yes, Colonel, thy friend will once more be himself, no longer the humble, desponding slave of this dear, dear—I durst not write her name, lest before the magic all my frail resolves should vanish into air.

Lord Clairville, I learn from my spy, is constantly at lady Middleton’s, who is likewise in town, and frequently remains *tete à tête* with her ladyship till four in the morning.—A thought occurs—

“ Oh

B E L M O N T C A S T L E . 131

"Oh gloriousthought!—by heaven I will enjoy it,
"Tho' but in fancy."——

What it is, you must be ignorant till
my next.—I fly to execute it—
adieu, my Neville,—wish me success.

Your's as ever—

H. F. SCUDAMORE.

LETTER

L E T T E R XX.

FROM LADY GEORGIANA SHIRLEY, TO
MISS JULIANA BLANDFORD.

Belmont-Castle:

MY affection for my dearest Juliana, has suggested to my bosom a thousand excuses for her long silence—the horrid account of your danger, in the letter of which my brother was the bearer, and which was the last I have received, raises a thousand glaring phantoms in my breast;—and my imagination pictures you, perhaps sinking under the brutal violence of some lawless ruffian, or parched

parched by febrile heat, occasioned by the agitation of my Juliana's spirits. Do my sweet, my amiable friend, take up your pen but for a moment, and give ease to the apprehensive soul of your Georgiana—tell her, you return her amiable brother's affection, and that you will enable your Georgiana to stile you by a more endearing appellation.—Apropos—I believe that whimsical being, Sir James Dashton, is enamoured of my sister Cecilia;—he pays her the most marked attention—and she, you know her passion for flirtation—contrives to have him continually at her heels.—Whenever she sees him approach, she pretends to avoid him and runs into the wood or the shrubbery, whether Sir James literally *dances* after her, and on an hour's search, perhaps all the while *sans chapeau*, returns to the castle out of breath, where my laughing sister had arrived long before.

He

He gets numerous falls to which Cecilia encourages him, by pretending to entertain doubts of his activity ; and whenever we ride an airing, she switches his ~~vagabund~~ spirited horse, which immediately runs ~~dog!~~ off with him, to the great entertainment of our little party.

We rode yesterday to Elwood races, where my giddy sister contrived to set off Sir James's horse amongst the crowds of carriages on the course ; and Sir James had been inevitably killed, had not my Belville sprung from his saddle like lightning, and seized the animal by the bridle, at the hazard of his life.—Belville at that moment appeared to me in so amiable a light, that I could not restrain myself from breaking out into an exclamation in his praise—but luckily my sister, who sometimes rallies me on my rustic admirer, was too much interested in Sir James's safety to attend to what I said.

Sir

Sir James was in raptures with my swain, and thanked him in the most extravagant manner, nay absolutely insisted on his riding back to our groupe, where he received the thanks and compliments of my papa, the other gentlemen, and Cecilia;—he returned their politness by a most graceful bow—said he deserved no praise for any attentions he had the honour of paying the Shirley family, and at the same time darted at your Georgiana a glance so expressive of tenderness and love, as penetrated to my very soul.—My papa insisted on his accompanying us to dinner at the castle, which he modestly declined, thro' a fear, as I could discern by his expressive eyes, of giving even a moment's uneasiness to his Georgiana.

All the way home we talked of indifferent matters—all seemed charmed with my Belville's conversation, except
Colonel

136 BELMONT CASTLE.

Colonel Neville, in whose eye lurked jealousy and aversion.—Oh! my Juliana, how I dread that monster—adieu—think on Mortimer—think on—

GEORGIANA SHIRLEY.

LETTER

L E T T E R X X I.

FROM LORD MORTIMER, TO JOHN
EVELYN, Esq.

Belmont-Castle.

RESTORED as I am to my family and my friends, surrounded by every thing that the most capacious mind could wish for, yet, my Evelyn, am I far from happy.—The idea of the too lovely Julian still disturbs my peace. Too justly didst thou prophecy, my friend, my heart, which for these three years withstood the attacks of all that France or Italy could boast of, is at length subdued.

Do

Do not think, however, I am ashamed of my defeat ; no, I glory in the chains of my Juliana—my Juliana, did I say?—Oh, Evelyn! that such I could call her—But thou knowest the foible of my father; noble as is his character and partial as I am to it, yet must I admit and lament that haughty pride, which, however, it may often be the parent of virtue, is as frequently productive of the most unhappy errors. Never, Evelyn, never would he consent to an alliance with Juliana; his fond partiality for his son assures him that I shall add to the splendor of our family; the proudest of our peers, he thinks, might be honored by an union with me; and severe indeed would be his disappointment, to behold me married to one, whose family, however exalted her merits, has been contaminated by trade.—My amiable sisters have none of these scruples, they perceive

perceive my passion; the sprightly Cecilia rallies me upon it, she says she knows I am too dutiful to marry without the Earl's consent, and thinks the best way is for us both to die for love, it will make so charming a subject for a novel. My lovely Georgiana sympathises with me, and as she corresponds with my Juliana, I have the consolation of gazing on her writing and imprinting a thousand kisses on her adored name.

Poor Georgiana! I am afraid she is a fellow-sufferer.—Belville, whom, I believe, you know, has taken a farm near the castle; he is become intimate in the family—most eminently does he possess all the virtues of the heart, and seldom have I found such abilities so highly polished.—The inequality of his fortune, however, will I am afraid, in my father's mind, be an eternal bar to their union; though

though never were there two hearts so adapted to each other by nature.

Sir James Dashton, who is at present at the castle, is a fund of entertainment to us; he certainly is enamoured of Cecilia, though that fly girl will not let me see whether the flame burns with reciprocal violence—I must own I should not be concerned if a match was to take place; for Dashton, though he is such a coxcomb, has certainly a good heart, and the sprightly humour of Cecilia is the best adapted to rally him out of his absurdities. His passion makes him more ridiculous than ever.—He has got a phaeton of the most extravagant height, and he drives six horses with such rashness, that I am really afraid of his neck; he has already got half a dozen falls, but luckily the only consequence was a great deal of mirth at his expence. Not satisfied,

satisfied, however, with his present phae-ton, he told us the other day, that he had bespoke one as high again, and lamented that the etiquette was for none but the king to have more than six horses, or he assured us, he would drive eight in hand. He likes the prince's character very well, but then, sir, he seldom goes beyond a gig or a curricle.— As for Pitt, he may be a good statesman, but—he can't drive.—Notwithstanding these extravagancies, Sir James has many excellent points.—His understanding is naturally an excellent one; and the same vanity which makes him wish to be at the head of the fashion had an admirable effect in carrying him through his studies, and there are few branches of learning, and few polite accomplishments in which he does not make a distinguished figure.—This desire of universal pre-eminence is productive of a thousand curious circumstances;

stances; Doctor Clarges, whose deep learning you are no stranger to, dined the other day at the castle. Sir James, whose dress on that day was peculiarly extravagant, with surprising volubility, had entertained us during the whole time of dinner, with a dissertation upon driving; to this succeeded an account of the new method of handling cocks; he informed us of a receipt possessed, and indeed invented, by his Frenchman for making pearl powder; and, he concluded with a panegyric on the inventor of patent stockings.—The Doctor listened to his rhapsodies with good humoured patience; but after dinner he entered into a conversation with my father upon a late publication on the laws of motion; such a coxcomb as Sir James he imagined would be obliged to listen with submissive silence; but what was his surprise to find him possessed of the same

same fluency of words on a philosophical subject as he had displayed on the former ones: and possessed of the same desire of pre-eminence, whether in establishing the orthodoxy of a disputed reading, or claiming the invention of a fashionable button.— But these levities, Evelyn, can but for a moment divert my thoughts from their adored object.— Thy presence perhaps might tend in some measure to alleviate my sufferings: When am I to hope for it? When will your affairs in Yorkshire be so settled, as to let you give some time to your friends? Of them all my dear Evelyn, it is needless to say, there is none more sincerely yours, than

MORTIMER.

LETTER

LETTER XXII.

FROM MISS JULIANA BLANDFORD TO
LADY GEORGIANA SHIRLEY.

Grosvenor-Square.

MY dearest Georgiana's last letter has affected me with various emotions, mirth at the character of Sir James Dashton, so humorously drawn; pity for the doating Belville; but on what you say of me.—Oh, my Georgiana! can you then think that such would be my return for all the favours conferred on me by your family. Lord Mortimer!—oh, heavens. the accomplished, noble Mortimer! The representative

representative of that ancient house—no, my Georgiana—tell him not to cast a thought on the unhappy Juliana, tell him she would perish rather than disappoint the high hopes of his doating family ; tell him that grandeur is not the ambition of Juliana, but that on him it is incumbent to support the honour of his house—to extend the lustre of his name ; his friends will expect, and justly expect some great alliance, some splendid connexion,—and would you have me be so meanly selfish as to contribute to the downfall of these high hopes? no, my Georgiana, I know my own heart, and never, never shalt thou have room to accuse me.—But I hear Lady Fillamar calling me to attend her to the opera ; some business which occupied me the whole morning prevented me from sitting down earlier to converse with my Juliana, and as I will not let a post pass without giving you even a few

346 BELMONT CASTLE.

lines, I am obliged to close this. May Fortune be ever propitious to my Georgiana, are the wishes of her

Unalterably affectionate

JULIANA BLANDFORD.

LETTER

L E T T E R XXIII.

FROM THE HON. H. F. SCUDAMORE,
TO COL. NEVILLE.

‘ I thought of dying, better things appear,—yes, Colonel, congratulate, felicitate me;—my Eliza, for *mine* I may now call her, is kind, and I am happy.

“ Bleſt as th’ immortal Gods is *he!*”

(Plague on it— it should be *I*) and now,

“ My soul hath her content so absolute
“ That not another moment like to this,
“ Succeeds in unknown fate!”—

Damn your quotations, methinks I hear you cry, what in the devil's name does all this rhodomontade lead to?—lead, my friend?—to bliss, to transport, to rapture, to Lady Clairville, (there is a climax for you!)—Oh, my soul's idol, my heart's treasure, my charmer!—I have been quaffing Burgundy to her dear health till my head reels like a smoke-jack, and my heart flames like mount-Ætna, or the face of Lady ———* But she is mine, the dear, dear, enchanting lovely angel—no, not yet—not absolutely, literally *mine*, but to-morrow night—Gods!—

“Venus, be thou to-morrow great!”—

Yes, my friend, to-morrow night surrenders, unconditionally, the loveliest, fairest, kindest of her sex, to the triumphant arms of thy happy Scudamore.

Last

* The Editor chooses, for good reasons to suppress the name of the lady alluded to.

Last night, when the pale moon, and silent Stars, shone conscious of my ingenuity, I put on a livery which I had be-spoke in exact imitation of Lord Clairville's; (by the bye I made a devilish smart footman) and at eleven o'clock, when my spy informed me his lordship was housed at Lady Middleton's, I set out to Portman-square, knocked at the door, the porter who was drunk admitted me without suspicion, and I desired to be shewn to Lady Clairville, having a message to deliver from his Lordship.—I knew Clairville was fast for four hours at least.—My scheme succeeded to a miracle. I was sent into the drawing room where her ladyship sat alone in her night dress. Good Gods, such a figure! such eyes! such hair! such teeth! but all this I have told you of before.—Well—I ran over to her, threw myself at her feet, seized her snowy hand

and pressed it to my lips. ‘ Oh, my Lady Clairville, cried I in transport, ‘ can you forgive the innocent stratagem which love, the tyrant deity before whom all mortals bow, and immortals also, inspires?’ —Sir, ‘ says the dear lovely fair one,’ this is very extraordinary behaviour! —I hoped that the stern repulse which rigid virtue dictated, had stifled in the bud those presumptuous hopes, that like another Phaeton with daring head would seize the glowing chariot of the sun! —begone, for ever quit my presence, nor with your impious passion shock mine ears, else will I this very moment, spite of your prayers, your tears and protestations, ring for my footmen and have you expelled with ignominy from the house! ’ —What could I do, my friend? —I saw her lovely eyes kindle with indignation, and she held, majestically, her ivory finger on the spring

of

of the bell. I instantly drew forth a pistol from my right hand coat-pocket, for I had brought a case for the nonce (not loaded indeed for fear of accidents, my pistols not having stops to the cocks) and exclaimed in piteous accents, ‘ oh, Werter, Werter what a soul was thine!—Come, death!—come, grim king of terrors!—come to a wretch’s aid!—ease at once the weight of misery under which I groan—come! oh come!—All this while the dear angel, I suppose from apprehension, remained fixed at the fire-side, looking earnestly to see what would follow;—‘ and will you, my Eliza, I exclaimed, behold my death?—will she see those eyes closed in eternal night, which pant but to look on her?—will she, unpitying, doom her Scudamore to despair and certain destruction?’—Finding her still fixed as a statue, in an agony, I drew my other pistol from my

left hand coat pocket, and cocking it sat down on the sofa. ‘ Thus then, I cried, I bid a long adieu to a life of sorrow ;’ and applying the muzzle of one to my left temple, and the other to my right ear, I had the supreme felicity to hear my charmer exclaim—‘ Cruel Mr. Scudamore! would you then shoot yourself in my presence ?’—‘ my angel, I cried, flinging away the pistols and flying to her feet, do you then wish me to live ?—now indeed is my life of value in my eyes, since my Eliza deigns to cast away one thought on its preservation ; yes, my fair, for thy dear sake will I take all imaginable care of it, and every moment of my future existence shall be devoted to thy service !’—I saw the soft emotion of tenderness beam from her radiant eyes, and was determined to follow my blow.—‘ To-morrow night, I exclaimed, my angel, the club

at

at Almacks give a superb masquerade—behold this ticket!—see on the paper how the magic pencil of *Cipriani*, aided by the creative graver of *Bartolozzi*, has pourtrayed the goddess of pleasure, peeping with laughter-loving eyes thro' her masque—behold at her knee a little cupid whose lips an emblematic bandage binds; that bandage which grosser spirits have transferred to his eyes—see this emblem explained in choice *Italian*, *Muto, non cieco, Mute, not blind!*—and can the soft heart of my Eliza withstand all this?—‘No, Scudamore, she cried, I can be no longer insensible to your passion, nor shall thy tenderness go unrewarded—Lady Clairville may perhaps be cruel, but to-morrow evening at the Pantheon in Oxford-street, if thou shouldst meet a rustic nymph, clad in a white jacket, trimmed with a vestris blue, she may perhaps listen to thy vows;’—here a

H 5 loud

loud knocking at the door interrupted our conversation—'tis my Lord, exclaimed Lady Clairville, and if he sees you I am ruined.'—‘Fear not, my angel, I cried,’ for I shall descend by the back stairs’—then seizing her lovely hand I devoured it with kisses and withdrew undiscovered.

On my way home my joy was so great, my transports so violent that, absorbed in reverie, I ran full against a chimney sweeper and overset him. The fellow rose instantly from the kennel, and damning the blind eyes of thy Scudamore, struck me on the face—my choler rose, and I, forgetting my rank, and assuming the manners as well as garb of a footman returned the blow—a scuffle ensued which terminated in a *boxing match*.—The mob having formed a ring we stripped and *set to*—my antagonist stood up very fairly, and *stopped* several of my

my best blows with considerable dexterity and skill; but at length, thanks to the kind instructions of the immortal Mendoza, the tutor of thy friend in the gymnastic science, *I put in a straight blow* just under the left ear of the footy hero, which upset him instantly in the mud, and spread a momentary stupor over all his faculties—on this he *gave in* and allowed thy now victorious friend to be the better man. But ah, my Neville, what is victory? what is fame? The blooming laurels of thy Scudamore are disgraced by a '*dusky circle*' which envelopes his right eye.—The vanquished chimney-tweeper called the watch—I attempted to bribe the villains, but found to my ineffable confusion, that the gentleman who had been my second in the combat, had rewarded himself for this exertion of friendship, with my watch and purse.—What was to be done?—I

charged

charged my adversary, in my turn, and we were led off to the round house. On my arrival there I sent for my shoe-maker, who instantly bailed me out, and at his intercession I forgave the sweep.

As I wear a masque to-morrow night, I am in hopes Lady Clairville may not discover the *derangement* of my eye. For this purpose I shall assume the motley garb of an Harlequin, as his masque covers the whole head.—Adieu, my friend!—I have scribbled a volume.—Wish me success—either fortune is basely my enemy, or to-morrow night makes me the happiest of men.—*Io triumphe! Raptures and Paradise!*—Venus and the Graces!—

‘Lutes, laurels, seas of milk, and ships of amber!’

H. F. SCUDAMORE.

LETTER

L E T T E R XXIV.

FROM LADY GEORGINA SHIRLEY, TO
MISS JULIANA BLANDFORD.

Belmont-Castle:

MY father's cruel obstinacy, and Colonel Neville's tiresome and odious passion, have at last compelled me to a step—a precipice—at the sight of which a few weeks since my blood had run cold.—To avoid being forced to marry a man I hate and detest, I have consented this night to elope with Belville—*elope!*—I dread even to write the word—what terror, then, must not the act itself raise in my timid bosom?—Yes, my Juliana, to elope with a person almost

almost a stranger to me!—what will the world say of me?—how will a malicious, talking world censure your Georgiana—but I care not, the world to me, is my constant, faithful, amiable, dear, dear, Belville, and my friend, my lovely Juliana, Yes, my Juliana, secure of thy friendship and my Belville's love I could roam with pleasure over the sandy desarts of Arabia.

“ Hear unappall'd the tawny lion's roar,
“ And bellowing tygers rage along the shore!”

Renounce every delicacy of life, imagine the infrequent spring my tokay, and the wild berry my venison—the whistling of the unpitying wind around my defenceless head, *accompanied* by the soft accents of my friend would be to me the softest music; and if I once longed for an habitation it should be that I might shelter Belville and my Juliana from the rude inclemencies of the weather.

weather.—advise me, my friend, what to do!—*elope!*—this night!—Oh! my palpitating heart—nine o'clock!—adieu—my lovely friend—pity—think on your

GEORGIANA SHIRLEY.

P. S. The following lines I found hung on my favourite tree this morning.

“ Go! scroll, my Georgiana tell
 “ How much I love her, and how well!
 “ Go, scroll, and whisper in her ear,
 “ Her love, her faithful Belville’s near;
 “ Tell her, if by pale Cynthia’s light
 “ She’ll meet her true love here to night,
 “ That without ripening fun or shower
 “ Pansies shall blow in half an hour;
 “ Beneath her foot the rose shall bloom
 “ Without its thorn but with perfume,
 “ The pink, the violet, and gilly-
 “ Flower shall arise, and eke the lilly:
 “ Go, *faithful* scroll, and to her view
 “ Recall her doating Montague.”

Oh! Juliana, are they not tenderly elegant!

LETTER

LETTER XXV.

FROM MONTAGUE BELVILLE, Esq. TO
JOHN EVELYN, Esq.

Elwood-Farm.

ADIEU, my Evelyn!—I am the happiest of mortals—Georgiana, the dear angel, has consented to be mine—this happy night at the hour of ten, gives my charmer to her longing Belville—Adieu, my friend,—at the Shrubbery she meets me!—I shall have a chaise prepared!—Then, “ Fortune, I defy thee!”—Once more, adieu!—I am all joy, rapture, and expectation in the extreme—

B E L M O N T C A S T L E. 161

treme. Adieu!—to hope for the Earl,
her father's consent, were madness.—
Adieu, adieu!

Ten o'clock!—the chaise is ready—
my throbbing heart tells me it is time.

Once more, my friend, adieu!—
adieu!—

M. BELVILLE.

LETTER

LETTER XXVI.

FROM COLONEL NEVILLE, TO
FITZROY SCUDAMORE, Esq.

Belmont Castle.

BRAVO! Scudamore, bravissimo!—thou dost business with a vengeance—thou must have the eyes of a basilisk, to make that haughty fair one Lady Clairville drop like a ripened peach into your arms.—Last week you were dying with despair, and now you proudly sing “*Io triumphe.*” This night you feast on beauty—this night too, your Neville riots in the charms of Georgiana.—Yes, my friend,

friend, my Fitzroy—this night your Neville leads her far from Belmont, and forces the cruel tyrant beauty to her happiness. I list' to my plot!—am I not a precious villain?—'It is true I am, but love and revenge at once agitate my furious soul, and overcome my weaker reason. Lady Georgiana has, this night, agreed to *elope* with Belville; he has assumed the disguise of a peasant more effectually to cloak his design. I have intercepted a letter of Lady Georgiana's to him appointing the time, place, and signal—this letter have I forwarded to that Belville, but altered the hour of meeting. At nine, veiled in the dusk of night, I carry off my Georgiana—and at ten I have so contrived that Belville shall mistake my Sultana, Lucy, for his Georgiana.—Then my Scudamore, shall I feast on ambrosia, and clasp the delicious angel to this panting bosom!—

Congratulate

Congratulate your Neville—when I have triumphed over my Georgiana's virtue, to escape the censure of the malicious world she must consent to be my wife.

Adieu—I fly to my charmer—

—“ Oh! this night,

“ Or either makes us, or undoes us quite.”

HENRY NEVILLE.

LETTER

L E T T E R XXVII.

FROM LADY MYRTILLA MIDDLETON, TO LORD CLAIRVILLE.

My dear Lord, *Welbeck-street.*

READ the inclosed, and if you have one spark of honour, if you would avoid the name of credulous, wittol husband, you know your course.—Ask not how I came by this intelligence, but act as becomes Lord Clairville, if ever you hope again for happiness in the arms of your's, as ever,

M. MIDDLETON.

[Inclosed

[Inclosed in the foregoing.]

To LADY MIDDLETON.

MADAM,

THE many kindnesses I have received from your ladyship, bind me so strongly to your commands, that I feel it my duty to let you know that my master is to meet my Lady Clairville this night, at the masquerade, from whence, they propose adjourning to a certain house in Soho, kept by one ---: I am to be there, and have every thing prepared.—In pursuance of your commands, I think it is proper to acquaint you of this,

And am, madam,

Your Ladyship's

Very humble servant,

WILLIAM HUGHES.

Monday morning.

LETTER

L E T T E R XXVIII.

FROM MONTAGUE BELVILLE, Esq.
to JOHN EVELYN, Esq.

Belmont-Castle.

EVELYN—I have done the deed!—
The villain has paid with his forfeit life
the ruin of my Georgiana.—Oh! my
friend—that spotless innocence, that pa-
radise of ever blooming sweets has been
disgraced—dishonoured—ravished—by
Colonel Neville, that monster in human
shape—that villain—that—but this arm
has stretched him breathless on the plain;
he lives not to mock our sufferings, or
to triumph in his villainy.

Last

Last night, I flew at the appointed hour to the shrubbery, where I found, as I thought, my Georgiana, eagerly expecting my arrival, with all the impatience of the tenderest love.—I caught her in my arms, and *burried* her into the chaise, which drove off like lightning—for two hours she observed the most profound silence, which I, ideot as I was, attributed to the agitation of her spirits. At last, a violent jolt of the chaise, caused by a rut in the road, terrified my companion, and she exclaimed in the wildest emotion, “Oh, Heavens!” So unlike was this exclamation to the music of my charmer’s well-known voice, that two thousand frightful suspicions, two thousand alarming ideas rushed at once upon my soul. Luckily, I had in my pocket, one of Dr. J. Brown’s patent machines for striking light in a moment—I drew it forth with trepidation;

and

and lighting the waxen taper, discovered,
to my inexpressible torment, features I
had never beheld before ;—“ who art
thou ? ” cried I—almost frantic with de-
speration, “ and where is my Georgi-
“ ana ? —Which of you have conspired
“ against my peace ? —and what envious,
“ blasting hand hath thus insulting dash-
“ ed the cup of blessing from my lips ? —
“ Whither shall the wild, distracted Bel-
“ ville turn him ? Where shall he seek
“ his poor, abused, deluded Georgiana ?
“ Stop fellow,” cried I, to the postillion,
in voice of thunder, at the same time
striking out the glasses, and bursting
open the door of the chaise—“ Stop
“ this moment ;”—my companion in
an agony of terror, at my ravings, could
scarcely articulate in faltering accents,
“ Colonel Neville has deceived you—
“ and is now with your Georgiana—on

I

“ the

"the road to—London;"—uttering the words she fell into a swoon, from which the hurry of my despair would not allow me to recover her.—Wild and raving like one distracted, I mounted one of the chaise horses, harnessed as he was, and bare-headed—with a loaded pistol in each hand, rode on at a furious pace—exclaiming aloud—now on the name of Neville, now on that of my Georgiana.—And Oh, Evelyn! as if my tortured soul stood in need of horrid objects to encrease its gloom—the storm and rain beat about my bare, defenceless head; no friendly star appeared—and the ill-omened bird of night from the decayed mouldring battlements of a ruined tower, shrieked in the wild and chilling tone of madness and despair!—In this distracted manner did I ride on two hours, till my horse picked up a nail.—Judge *then*, my friend, of my situation.—I, at that moment, felt

all

all the torments of the damned—what could I do? forced, alas! to pursue on foot—my weak exertion could not keep pace with my swifter revenge—at last—propitious heaven threw a farmer in my way—I dragged him from his horse, (all the time, demanding of him my Georgiana, in accents that might move a stone to pity) instantly mounting his steed, I flung my purse at the poor fellow's head, and set off in full gallop, still more impetuous than before;—at length passing over a wild deserted heath, my ears were alarmed by the piteous shrieks of a female—every cry went to my soul—“perhaps, cried I, in a phrenzy, this female may be my Georgiana, my love sinking beneath the brutal violence of a tyrant ravisher—perhaps, this very moment, he inhumanly riots in her heavenly charms; whilst the lovely distracted mourner calls in vain for succour, and

pierces the unpitying air with cries for Belville to relieve her!—Love, rage, indignation and despair gave wings to my impetuosity—I drove onward to the house from whence the shrieks proceeded—the guilty door yielded to my force—I rushed up stairs, and in my hurry and confusion, Oh Evelyn!—cut my shin against the ballustrade!—Adieu for a few moments, I am sent for by my beloved.

(BELVILLE *in continuation.*)

As I reached the room, the tumult of my soul scarcely allowed me to perceive the accursed Neville, who stood prepared to oppose my passage, a look of horror, which he could not disguise, told me

me in the most forcible language, that the deed was committed; I rushed by him regardless of a loaded pistol which he held in his hand, and bursting through the door, good heavens, what were my feelings?—Gods! hadst thou, my Evelyn, but seen the beauteous, injured girl, her hands locked in a close embrace.—her bright eyes immovably fixed, while from them descended copious floods of briny tears.—Astonished, petrified at the sight, I stood for some moments motionless; at last, Oh, my Georgiana! I cried, dost thou not know thy faithful Belville? Oh, speak, my Georgiana, speak to thy distracted Belville.—The lovely mourner, for a moment, cast on me a wistful look—heaved a sigh that seemed to issue from the bottom of her soul, and resumed her former position; at this moment,

I 3. wrought.

wrought up to a pitch of desperation, I seized a pistol, which I had laid upon the table, and calling to the detested Neville, wretch, said I, prepare to receive that punishment due to thy unequalled crimes. The monster, with an appearance of indifference, nodded consent, and taking our ground, my first ball went through his head ; the noise of the pistols brought up his servant, with the people of the house ; they instantly ran to assist the unhappy wretch, who seemed to be in his last agonies ; —— with difficulty he got out these words : — Oh, Belville, I have fallen justly —— conjure the injured Georgiana to forgive — Oh, heaven ! have mercy —— have mercy ! — his voice failed him — and after the most excruciating agonies, which lasted above seven minutes, he expired. — Thus, Evelyn, have I, in some small degree,

degree, avenged the wrongs of that angel.—So excessive was her stupefaction, that even this scene of blood was unnoticed: every effort that was possible I made use of to awaken her from this lethargy, but in vain. Finding it impossible to restore her, and unable to procure any assistance, I removed her to the carriage, and with all the caution possible, drove her back to the Castle. During all this time she remained perfectly senseless.—But when we at length arrived, Oh, Evelyn! the scene that followed! Her venerable father, on the news of her arrival, rushed out, and clasping her in his arms, had scarcely uttered the name of child when, awakened by his paternal voice, she uttered a scream that pierced the very walls of the castle; and, for near an hour, did she continue such agonizing shrieks as filled every heart with amaze-

ment and horror. Her brother on one side, holding her folded in his arms, and Cecilia on her knees, endeavouring to sooth her agitated soul, her noble father seated on the other side.—Such a groupe—Sir James Dashton running from one apartment to the other, summoning the domestics, and dispatching them for assistance; while thy Belville, astonished by grief, was calling on the name of his beloved, and acting the part of the most frantic Bedlamite.—At length, a neighbouring physician arrived; he ordered the suffering angel immediately to be brought up to her chamber, and none but her sister and the necessary attendants to be admitted; here, by the assistance of medicine, he restored her to a state of calmness.

In this interval, the rest of the family being collected, Mortimer, with looks of
the

the most frantic impatience, conjured me to collect my thoughts, and to unveil to them this dreadful mystery.—During the horrid recital, the various feelings of my auditors were strongly depicted on their countenances; but the horror of the Earl, and the wild, furious air of Mortimer, exceeded all description; when I came to that part of my narrative which related the fall of Neville, Mortimer, clasping me in his arms, exclaimed, Oh, my Belville! well hast thou revenged the wrongs of our house. But how, how shall we reward thee?—Give me my Georgiana, I exclaimed, intercede with thy noble father, and let all that is past be forgotten.—Generous young man! cried the Earl, and canst thou ask her dishonoured as she is?—thy noble sentiments bespeak thy illustrious descent; and if my Georgiana survive this fatal day, I promise she shall be thine.

thine. But much, much do I fear.—Here the agonizing thoughts of his beloved daughter cut short his speech.

Oh, my Evelyn, my head is distract-ed, I reel—my brain grows giddy, the calmness, that hitherto supported me, is gone.—Pray for us, my Evelyn!—Pray for my Georgiana, pray for thy

BELVILLE.

Tuesday, October 23, 1787.

P. S.

MIGHT I trespass so far on the goodness of my Evelyn, as to request of him to send me down a bottle of Goulard's vegeto mineral-water, and some gold-beater's leaf for my shin, which, spite of my woes, I feel at times, intolerably painful.—Alas, my friend, such is the condition of humanity.—

LETTER

last I got from you, and
aid to my good quaking ere
dropt off into my infidelity.

L E T T E R XXIX.

FROM LORD CLAIRVILLE, TO
LADY MIDDLETON.

Boulogne-sur-Mer. Feb. 21.

My dear Myrtilla,

THE agony of my mind, the fatigue
of my body, and the pain of my wound
altogether oppress; and sink me so that
I can scarcely muster strength to guide
my pen; yet, as I know your tender
nature will be anxious to hear a full ac-
count of my *rencontre* with the late un-
happy Scudamore, I sit down to write
to you, even in the teeth of a per-
emptory mandate, to the contrary, from
my

my surgeon.—On the unfortunate night of my dishonour, I went to the Pantheon, wrapped in a black domino, with a mind tortured with rage, suspence, and jealousy.—It was not long ere I discovered the unhappy Scudamore, and that guilty wanton, whom I cannot name with temper, in close conversation, and watched them with the vigilance of an Argus.—In the hurry and confusion of the place I however lost sight of them; in vain did I rush thro' every room in search of them, frantic and agonized—the perturbation of my mind rose to distraction—my whole frame shook with tortures to which those of damned spirits are bliss and transports—the cold sweat stood in beads on my forehead—my knees tottered under me, and in the anguish of my soul I cursed Scudamore, that abandoned woman, my own existence and the ill-starred hour that gave me birth;

birth ; my strength failed me—the room seemed to turn round—the light danced before my eyes—my ears rung and had I not run precipitately to the side-board and swallowed a large glass of champaigne I had inevitably fainted. A little recruited by this refreshment I threw off my domino, flung myself into my carriage and drove off instantly for Soho—on my enquiring below and describing the persons, I was convinced they were in the house ; and drawing my sword, ran up stairs calling aloud upon the name of Scudamore—at the first landing place I struck my foot against the door, which flying open, discovered, oh, misery unspeakable ! Scudamore and my wife. He instantly seized his sword and stood on his defence—I attacked him with all the fury of a desperate maniac, his temper was superior to mine, his skill at least equal and the combat was long and obstinate.

obstinate. At length with one furious *allonge* he passed his sword through my body up to the hilt—I instantly seized the shell with my left hand, and, being thus master of his weapon, levelled mine directly at his heart: pushing with all the strength remaining to me—I ran him through but missed my purpose—I drew it forth and pressed it again thro' a second place, and my wound and wrongs depriving me of all humanity and indeed reason, I again drew it back and ran him through a third time;—then, and not before, he sunk down at my feet exclaiming faintly—‘make your escape instantly, my Lord—I am but a dead man, alas! my poor Eliza!’—The fury that had hitherto transported me sunk at once when I saw my enemy stretched, and swimming in his blood before my eyes, and I fell senseless into a chair behind me. How long I remained in the swoon,

swoon, brought on by loss of blood, and the unspeakable anguish of my mind, I know not; but on the recovery of my senses I found myself in bed in a strange room, which I since learn was at an inn on the road to Dover—I was removed by slow journies hither.—My wound is still intolerably painful, but I find my strength return, tho' slowly—my peace of mind is gone for ever!

C L A I R V I L L E .



LETTER

The following letter to Colonel Neville, not arriving till after the death of that gentleman, was opened by his executors.

LETTER—XXX.

FROM THE HON. H. F. SCUDAMORE,
TO COL. NEVILLE.

Two o'clock.

My dear Colonel,

ALL is over—the fortune of Clairville has prevailed and your friend will soon be numbered with the dead!—my life ebbs apace, my pulse sinks, my eyes grow dim, and the cold damp dew of dissolution hangs upon my forehead.— My poor Eliza too!—alas, how are all my fond hopes of felicity blasted in the bud. When last I wrote to thee my heart beat high with expectation, and my guilty

guilty imagination glowed with fancied raptures; but mark the end—the vengeance of a wronged husband has stretched me in early youth on the bed of death, from which I fear I never more shall rise. But my decaying strength will not allow me to be particular—William has orders to communicate the whole to you in person.



Four o'clock.

As I find myself going, and my wounds very painful, with a view to hereafter, as an opiate to conscience, and
an

an anodyne to my bodily ailments, I have sent William out for a good book called the New Spiritual Magazine or Evangelical Treasury, and he reads in broken accents, as distinctly as his tears will permit, most comfortable passages about the New Jerusalem, heart-grace, heart-knowledge, faith, regeneration, justification, sanctification, glorification, and other strong cordials for fainting souls.—All which is very affecting and I edify prodigiously—but I find myself grow too weak to proceed further at present—my surgeon has allowed me little light nourishment, and I have ordered a couple of beef kidnies, and some porter—adieu, I see they are ready.

Six o'clock.

I find myself sufficiently refreshed, tho' every moment filches away a little of my strength, to address a few words more to my Neville—I have arranged all my temporal affairs, and added a codicil to my will, bequeathing a sum for the endowment of an alms house, for twelve blind men, and twelve gouty women.—Oh my Eliza!—poor, dear, suffering angel!—but we shall meet again!—the shock of seeing her Scudamore fall, has been I fear too great for her gentle spirit.—Oh my love, my love, why must I leave you?—but it will not be—my life is gone, and I have hardly strength to bid my friend a last adieu!—Oh, Neville, Neville, pity the agonies
of

of thy departing Scudamore—alas! alas!
I am afraid to die—my soul shrinks
with horror from the thought of dissolution—
yet what remedy?—I can no
more—the cold hand of Death is on me—
Adieu—adieu—for ever!

Yours ever, H. F. SCUDAMORE,

LETTER

L E T T E R XXXI.

FROM Miss JULIANA BLANDFORD, to
LADY GEORGIANA SHIRLEY.

Grosvenor-Square.

ALAS! my friend, how shall I describe the *comble* of grief, misery and distraction in which this wretched family is plunged!—how shall I bring my pen to write the shame which the late unhappy misconduct of Lady Clairville, has brought on her dear, venerable parents—the good Sir John, with desperate hand, tears away from his hoary head the few grey tresses which the iron hand of the great destroyer,

destroyer, Time, had spared; Lady Fil-lamar sits like another Niobe in senseless, stony stupor!—while the guilty yet still lovely authoress of all this woe, raves in all the wildness of frantic desperation!

My Georgiana has doubtless heard how Lord Clairville surprised her with Mr. Scudamore, in a very improper house in Soho-square; a rencontre instantly ensued, his Lordship though desperately wounded, was victorious, and the unhappy Scudamore fell.—Her Ladyship who fainted instantly on the entrance of Lord Clairville, was carried home to her father's house, where she has ever since remained; but the agitation of her spirits, the consciousness of her blasted reputation, the censure of the severe, the pity of the good, and the last, I fear not least, the loss of her dear Scudamore, have deprived her sovereignty of reason, and she now exhibits the most mournful spectacle

tacle in existence, the human mind, that master-piece of the deity! that glorious pre-eminence of our nature! that beautiful and wonderful machine, alas! my friend! unhinged, deranged, destroyed!—My tears blind me so that I must lay down my pen.

* * * * *

Three o'clock.

THE poor distracted mourner has just left me, but good Heavens, how distressed, how dejected!—She has not for an hour spent in my room, spoken one connected sentence; yet

will

still the superiority of her beauty appears, lovely even in its ruins.—She entered the chamber with a hurried step; her dress was of the whitest sattin, her thick auburn tresses, hung neglected down and shaded her ivory forehead with a profusion of native ringlets; her face was pale; her eyes sunk, yet beaming forth an unsteady vivacity which spoke but too plainly the state of her mind; her figure is, even already, emaciated, and her voice hollow and feeble.—Hark! exclaimed the beauteous phantom, in accents scarcely mortal, Hark! Scudamore! my love! will you not shield me from the fury of my Lord?—indeed he will be angry with me—very angry—where is my love?—do not hide him from his poor Eliza, do not—sure he will come—oh, I had built him such a cottage, and made it so fine with lillies and roses, and trimmed the windows

dows with eglantine and creeping jesa-mine, but my cruel Lord came and destroyed it all—was it not unkind?—Ah, who is there? and she shrieked aloud. Say what? what bloody sight is this?—then looking piteously on the floor, see, see, how it flows in torrents—oh save me, save me, save me; and she fell into the arms of her woman. For a short time she remained insensible, but soon awaked again to life and misery; no, she cried, not yet—not yet!—pray, pray take care—tread softly, and do not awake him—my poor love is ill, and yet how charming he looks!—Ah, Scudamore, how could you leave me so unkindly?—you do not love I fear, else sure you would not break the heart of your poor Eliza that doats on you—alas, my life, why do you look so pale?—sure you are ill—I am not well myself—my heart is heavy!—my poor

K

heart

heart too is strangely disordered ; and she put both her snowy hands to her forehead and remained a few moments silent ; then starting from her reverie, bring me to my father, she cried, I am innocent. Indeed I am—let him not believe my Lord, my cruel Lord!—he says I have wronged him—sure my father will not hate me too—he will not reject his child, nor cast her off to misery and ruin!—oh, my heart, my poor heart ! and she sighed as if her bosom were bursting. A profuse shower of tears came to her relief which I hoped would in some degree calm the tempest in her soul ; but alas, her reason is gone I fear, irrecoverably.—She still continued to look round her with the same wildness, and raved with the same incoherence.

* * * * *

Monday,

Monday, two o'clock.

ALAS! my friend, the event I feared has come to pass—the youthful, the beauteous, the elegant Lady Clairville is no more!—the working of her mind was too powerful for the delicate machine which contained it, and thus has she fallen an early sacrifice to the sensibility of her heart, and the acuteness of her feelings. I will spare my friend a description, to which I feel myself unequal, of her parting moments—her wild insanity continued to the instant of her dissolution, and her last breath was spent in calling on the name of Scudamore.

Oh, may our sex by her fate be warned against the insidious arts of the vile

K 2 deceiver—

196 BELMONT CASTLE.

deceiver—*man*, that destroyer of our happiness, who with specious guise and fair exterior, lures us to our fall, then throws us like a worthless weed away.—

“ Base man the ruin of our sex was born,
“ The beauteous are his prey, the rest his scorn;
“ Alike unfortunate our fate is such,
“ We please too little, or we please too much.”

JULIANA BLANDFORD.

LETTER

L E T T E R XXXII.

FROM LADY MYRTILLA MIDDLETON, TO LORD CLAIRVILLE.

OH, tyrant, monster!—give me back my Scudamore!—What?—I love thee? Dolt, ass, blockhead, ideot!—dost thou imagine any woman could be enamoured of such a wretched thing as thou art? —Give me my Scudamore—you have murdered him!—thy base heart would have trembled to have met him fairly in the field—restore him, monster, to these longing arms!—Why did my jealousy prompt

prompt me to betray to a cuckold—a horned monster—my life, my love, my Scudamore—thou wert too base a rival, even to alarm my beloved—confusion and plague light on thee—my memory fades—but still—that I could admit Clairville that hated villain to these arms, hangs on—wounds my recollection.—Hark!—did you not hear a noise? It is the voice of my Scudamore—See! yonder, how he stalks—his hair of an end, bloody, disfigured, pale, pale, pale! See, he points to his wounds—shakes his goary locks at the murdering Clairville, and glares with livid eye-balls on the guilty Myrtilla—my blood freezes—I faint—I faint—I faint!—Oh, Oh, Oh, Oh!— * * * * *

What shriek was that?—Was it an owl or a Canary-bird?—Hark!—it was the ghost of Scudamore.—I come—I come!

come!—What, again!—Oh, don't shriek so, my love!—that bleak mountain is too cold for thee to rest on—don't shriek so—and I'll warm thee in my bosom—now, now I clasp thee—closer, closer still; avaunt, avaunt!—thou art the murthing Clairville; thy hand is red with the blood of my Scudamore; wipe it in my heart; no, murderer; the black curtains of hell will serve thee for a napkin; what shall be done to her who betrayed her love?—Send hither my charmer—drag him hither by a cobweb; his betrayer shall kiss his poor wounded bosom; and draw the sword of murder from his heart.—What bloody fingers are those?—Let me untwist them from the hair of my beloved---hark, hark!—a shriek---a shriek again!—murdering monster,—black, cruel ruffian!—Smell this bouquet; do, pray my Lord, smell it—It is
a nosegay

200 BELMONT CASTLE.

a nosegay of the sweet nightshade I have made for my beloved.—Oh, my poor heart breaks;—murthing, inhuman Clairville! confusion seize on you, myself, and all the world.—Yonder's a precipice; I see my charmer at the bottom. I come—I come! 'tis but a jump; and my beloved shall catch me in his arms.— * * *

* * * * * * *

LETTER

L E T T E R XXXIII.

FROM LORD MORTIMER, TO
JOHN EVELYN, Esq.

Belmont-Castle.

THE cup of misery is full, and thou yes, thou my Evelyn, must taste of the bitter draught. Thy friend Belville, and, oh my bursting heart — Georgiana, both, my Evelyn, both are numbered with the dead.—When I look back my friend, to no very distant period, when I review those scenes of joy which my buoyant imagination had painted, and when I consider the sad reverse—when I behold

I behold a much loved sister torn from our fond embrace—a venerable father weighed down with sorrow to the grave—a noble youth, whose virtues would have been an ornament to any station, cut off by the iron hand of despair, and all, all in the space of a little month! Oh, Evelyn, dost thou not wonder at my philosophy—'tis that alone, 'tis the confidence in an All-wise Being, 'tis the duty which I acknowledge of supporting an aged father, and a solitary grief-worn sister, these considerations there only can uphold me.

* * * * *

Nature must have her course, I was forced to give a few moments to grief. In the briefest manner possible will I unfold to you the fatal catastrophe, as I would spare you every needless affliction.

on.—After the efforts of the physicians had restored my darling Georgiana to a state of calmness, we entertained hopes, alas, ill-founded hopes, of her recovery; under this delusion we formed deceitful schemes of our future happiness. The ill-fated Belville entertained too noble sentiments of Georgiana to be affected by what was past; her mind he knew was the mind of an angel—all was fixed and the moment of her recovery was to unite them in indissoluble bonds. I undertook to inform our Georgiana of those intentions, and having taken every proper precaution, I told her our design.—She was raised in her bed by pillows, clad in white pure as her mind, and twelve yards of muslin shaded her pale wan face.—With angelic calmness did she hear me, and her reply which was rather divine than human, is imprinted in indelible characters on my heart.

heart. "Your manly sense, my Edward, will let me speak the melancholy truth to you with greater freedom than I could to the other members of the family. Don't amuse yourself with deceitful hopes. It is impossible I should recover. Already do I feel the cold hand of death upon me."—Oh, Evelyn, guess my sensations! the lightning from heaven could not have struck such horror in my soul. The angelic girl perceived my feelings; "Oh my Edward, let me conjure you by every thing sacred, to support a manly fortitude—consider the duty that is now imposed on you; my father, my Cecilia, my Belville, all will look up to you for comfort. I know the ardency of your affection, you have always been the fondest of brothers—I know the pangs you will feel. But, my Edward, let that fortitude which you always possessed support you; exert yourself to quell that

storm

storm of affliction which I fear is ready to burst on you." The grief and horror that oppressed me, did not allow me to interrupt her. "I have much to say to you, my Edward—I know the goodness of your heart, I know your kindness for the ill-fated Belville—continue it to him, my brother, tell him his Georgiana loved him to the last, and tell him as he regards my memory, I command him to avoid all extremity of grief. There is still something near my heart—oh 'tis my Juliana; thou knowest not, my Edward, half the worth of that amiable girl; thy increasing fondness for her is one of my greatest consolations. Our fond father I know will consent to your union, and I desire this event may be no delay to its completion. I fear—I dread the feelings of that too sensible girl—assuage her grief, my Edward, and call in the aid of philosophy and religion to moderate her transports.

transports. Here the fatigue of her exertions overcame my angel—and she fell into a fainting fit. She recovered by degrees, when the physician calling me aside, told me he thought it useless any longer to delay the fatal truth—that her life was ebbing apace, and that a few hours would rob us of our Georgiana—he therefore advised me to communicate the fatal intelligence to the family. I hurried from the room and flew to the garden to give vent to my transports, and prepare for the direful office; when I had gathered some resolution I returned to the parlour, where the whole family was collected—their countenances expressed the eagrest impatience, but soon did they gather from mine the fatal intelligence; over this scene, Evelyn, I must draw a veil—the bare recollection of it harrows up my soul—but think—picture to thyself my situation, endeavouring

endeavouring to smother my feelings, and to calm the rage of their affliction—with wonder, with astonishment do I look back on my fortitude, under a trial the bare idea of which makes my brain grow giddy.

For two hours did an awful silence prevail, when a message from Georgiana summoned us to her apartment—but here too, my Evelyn, must I be silent; the pangs of that last, parting scene, are too dreadful to be related. With the most angelic composure did the dying Georgiana address us, and after bidding a last farewell to each of us in particular, conjuring us to restrain our grief, and soliciting her father's blessing, she called me to her, and desired me to endeavour to bring them away, as their lamentations would quite unfit her for the awful moment which she perceived was approaching.

ing.—But I must stop my Evelyn, my sorrow must have vent.

* * * * *

IN a few moments after my return my Georgiana died in my arms.—Oh, God ! how hast thou visited us! Overcome by horror and the violence of my exertions to smother my feelings—I fainted away, and for forty minutes did I remain in that senseless condition ; but the shrieks of woe soon assailed my ears. Vain were all my efforts, their transports were too violent to be restrained. The unhappy Belville alone displayed a calmness that gave me hopes, alas deceitful hopes.—Evelyn ! thou hast lost thy friend ; the enclosed letter which we found on his table will tell thee too much—and spare me the pang of relating the horrid particulars.

In

B E L M O N T C A S T L E . 209

In a few days I shall write to you again—at present my heart is too full. Would to heaven that you were here to assuage the violence of our grief and give some consolation to

Thy afflicted,

MORTIMER.

OH, Evelyn! the bell tolls for Georgiana and Belville; the hearse come nodding onwards—the fable ministers of death approach, and soon!—in a little hour, will the cold earth receive them.

LETTER

[Enclosed in the foregoing.]

LETTER XXXIV.

FROM MONTAGUE BELVILLE, Esq.
to JOHN EVELYN, Esq.

DEAD! Evelyn, to be nailed up in
a coffin, of wood, lead, or perhaps, *cold,*
cold stone; shut up in a pit so dark, so
damp, so deep, so *chilling cold!* I had a
friend, a cherubim; her voice was soft
as the zephyr; her eye was as the dew
of the morning; she died of a broken
heart; I followed her to the door of the
vault, when the light of the tapers grew
more and more dismal; when the sexton
had

had gone off; when the shrieks of the mourners sounded fainter and fainter on mine ear; when, at last, it died away; I threw myself on the damp, *cold* earth, my heart was smitten, rent, grieved, broken, torn, pierced, distracted; but I neither knew what I was, nor what, alas! I might be. Death! vault! grave! I understand not the words! what are they my Evelyn?

Oh! my Georgiana, do you recollect the steel pin you sent me by Laura, when at church; you could neither speak to me, nor hold out your hand for the crowd? Half the night was I on my knees before that pin; it was the dear pledge of affection. The world itself, the great globe shall pass away, and time shall be extinguished; but eternity cannot efface the *impression* which that

pin

pin made upon my soul. But why do I address my beloved? She is dead, cold, cold; no more shall these arms encircle her waist, or these lips tremble upon her's. Forgive, forgive! Oh, Evelyn; forgive me, forgive me! Yet, she still is mine; Georgiana is mine for ever; no, my Georgiana, we shall not be annihilated; yes, my Georgiana, from this moment, you are mine. I fly to meet you; we shall see one another again; we shall see Neville in torments. We shall see your mother—I shall see her—I'll engage I shall find her out, and I shall not be afraid to shew her my heart; your mother, your image!

I have sent, Evelyn, to borrow the blunderbuss which hangs over the chimney-piece in the great-hall, for a journey; I go

go to discharge my debts, and pack up
my trunk.—What, if the d—d shoe-
maker should not bring his bill! Adieu.

Past Eleven o'Clock.

I HAVE ordered my fire to be made
up, and a pint of wine to be brought me.
I thank thee, Heaven! that thou grantest
me warmth in my last moments.

I draw near to the window, my friend,
and through clouds which are driven
rapidly along, I spy some stars; heavenly
bodies! you shan't fall.—I have also seen
the greater bear, favourite of all the
constellations, since it recalls your image
to my view.

I beg

I beg you will protect my remains—at the far corner of the church-yard there are two willows; it is there I wish to rest; but, perhaps, good Christians will not chuse that their bodies should be interred near the corpse of an unhappy miserable wretch like me.—Ah! let me then be buried in Elwood-farm, in some sequestered valley, or by the side of a purling stream, where the enamoured youth and love-lorn maiden may pour out their souls in plaintive tenderness, and bedew, with the soft tear of sympathy, the green sorrel that covers my grave.—Evelyn, I do not now shudder that I hold in my hand the blunderbuss, the fatal instrument of death.

Half

in—amongst you, finding how gay
such bright friends will be—when last seen
at the Opera at 11 o'clock, and am
ill-wanting to be seen again
so soon.

Half past Eleven.

I HAVE put in the powder, yet, still do I not draw back—I wish to be buried in the clothes I now wear—Georgiana has touched them, and they are sacred.—I have on me an orange coat, with a blue cape and mother of pearl buttons—a waistcoat of pea-green fatten—and breeches of purple velvet—my pockets are not to be searched—the steel pin must be buried with me—I have stuck it in my waistcoat next my heart.

* * * * *

Three

Three quarters past eleven.

I HAVE put in two slugs.—Will they hurt me, my Evelyn?—The clock strikes twelve—the blunderbuss is cocked—I go, Georgiana! Georgiana!—Evelyn, Evelyn!—Farewell, farewell, farewell, farewell!—for ever—Oh! Oh!—

LETTER

L E T T E R XXXV.

FROM LORD MORTIMER, TO JOHN
EVELYN, Esq.

Belmont-Castle.

THIS is, indeed, the house of mourning.—Oh, Evelyn, thy creative fancy would, in vain, attempt to picture such a scene of woe; the *storm* of affliction, indeed, is past, but a still and gloomy horror, a *tranquility* more dreadful than the most outrageous whirl-wind of passion, hath succeeded. That festive board, where mirth and gladness once presided, how changed! how saddened!

L

To

To add, if it were possible to add, to our sorrows—Sir John and Lady Filamer, with their lovely Juliana, arrived here on Tuesday—you know the afflictions of this amiable family—and you know, my friend, the enthusiasm of affection which united the hearts of my lamented sister, and Juliana.—There is a luxury in grief, and in its most exquisite state do we enjoy it.—The delicate sensibility of my Juliana, for such do I hope to call her, is most feelingly alive to the woes of a brother, lamenting the sister of his affection. Doubly, trebly, is my heart united by this mournful event.—My noble father, softened by affliction, relaxing from the pride of family distinction, perceives and feels the excellence of that angelic maid.—Sir John, left childless and forlorn, has adopted her as his daughter, and settled on her his whole fortune.—With a winning

ing frankness does she confess her love :
“ Yes, my Mortimer,” did she say, whilst
a crimson blush overspread the lilies of
her face—“ I will tell you I love my
“ Mortimer, and most solemnly do I
“ promise that no human power shall
“ alter my affection.” —It was late in
the evening, the moon shone bright, the
leafy trees spread an awful, gloomy
shade, and not a breeze disturbed the
solemn stillness; she reclined on my
arm, as we walked through the avenue
of elms.—“ Hear me, bright moon!”
I cried, as I threw myself on my right
knee——“ whilst by thee, and yon
“ twinkling stars, I swear to love, to
“ adore the goodness of my Juliana :—
“ angelic excellence! —How shall I re-
“ pay thee? —How shall I deserve
“ such worth? —And wilt thou, then,
“ my Juliana! —wilt thou, one day,
“ be mine? —Day of rapture! day
“ of extatic bliss! —Crown my happy-

"ness, angelic as thou art—name
"the propitious day, and complete the
"bliss of thy Mortimer."—"No, my
"Lord,"—she cried,—“reflect but for
"a moment, and you will see the im-
"propriety of your request."—Can Ju-
liana—• * *

The gushing tears here stopped her
utterance.—I felt her meaning.—
“ Angelic girl,” I cried, “ thy sensibility
“ unmans me—I yield to thy just ad-
“ vice.—The memory of our Georgi-
“ ana shall be respected.”

Oh, Evelyn! felicitate me on my
prospects—she will be mine.—Six sad
months though, are to be devoted to
the revered memory of the lamented
Georgiana; and then, then, my Evelyn,
shall I be raised to the pinnacle of human
happiness.

Sir James by his unaffected sympathy
in our afflictions, has completely won the
heart

heart of the lively Cecilia—his native good sense too, is beginning to conquer that excessive foppery which once made him so ridiculous, though there is still enough of it to excite our mirth:—during the time of mourning he has displayed a singularity which to an indifferent spectator would appear rather laughable, tho' in our situation its absurdity passed unnoticed—he has become all at once extremely religious.—He attends Chapel, regularly, every morning and evening, and he has composed two or three sermons which he read to us in the great hall—so pleased was he with his performances, that he entertained serious thoughts of going into the church, where his talents for preaching, he thinks, would soon raise him to the highest station—and I verily believe that he would have posted off to the bishop of ——, who, you know, lives

in our neighbourhood, to request he would ordain him, if I had not with great difficulty dissuaded him.—My father has consented to his union with Cecilia, and it is to take place at the same time with ours—she is to have a fortune of 60,000*l.*—My establishment is already fixed; my father, who is determined to lead a very retired life, gives me the Portland-place house, together with Sherwood-hall and 12000*l.* a year. Sir John Fillamer, notwithstanding my most earnest remonstrances, insists on giving Juliana 20,000*l.* and settling his whole estate upon her after his decease.

These prospects serve in some measure to dissipate our grief, but long must it be, my Evelyn, before it can pass away.—The form of my much loved Georgiana, her charms, her virtues, her sufferings, the unhappy end of Belville; all, Evelyn, are

are still present to our view—their graves
are still watered by our tears! the wounds
inflicted by their untimely end, still
bleed, and from time alone, that grand
healer of human ills, are we to hope for
relief.—My father, Sir John, and Lady
Fillamer—Sir James—Cecilia—my Ju-
liana ;—all solicit your company—is any
other incentive necessary?—if there is—
your presence is most ardently wished
for by

Your faithful

MORTIMER.

F I N I S.

NEW BOOKS.

JUST PUBLISHED,

B Y



P. B Y R. N E,

No. 108, GRAFTON-STREET,

s. d.

1	THE Principles of Natural Philosophy, by Wm. Smellie, 2 vols. 8vo.	13 0
2	Travels into the interior parts of Africa, by way of the Cape of Good Hope, in the years of 1780, 81, 82, 83, 84, and 85, translated from the French of M. Le Vail-lant, 8vo.	6 6
3	Elements of Moral Science, by James Beattie, LL. D. 8vo.	6 6
4	Essays on the Nature and Princi-ples of Taste, by the Rev. Archibald Alliion, L. L. B. F. R. S. Edin. 8vo.	7 7

N E W B O O K S.

s. d.

5	An Historical and Critical Review of the civil Wars in Ireland, from the reign of Queen Elizabeth, to the Settlement under King William, with the State of the Irish Catholics, from that Settlement to the Relaxation of the Popery Laws in the year 1778; extracted from Parliamentary Records, State Acts, and other authentic Materials, by John Curry, M. D. 2 vols.	13 0
6	The History of Ireland, from the earliest authentic Accounts, by the Editors of Modern Universal History, 8vo.	17 7
7	Julia, a Novel,	3 3
8	Charles Mandeville, a continuation of Lady Julia Mandeville	3 3
9	Wreath of Friendship, 2 vols.	6 6
10	Ethelinde, or the Recluse of the Lake, by Charlotte Smith, 3 vols.	9 9

NEW BOOKS.

	s. d.
11 Zeluco: various views of hu- man nature taken from life and manners, foreign and domestic, —	6 6
12 Delia, a pathetic and interesting tale, 2 vols. — — — —	6 6
13 Louisa, 2 vols. — — — —	6 6
14 Dinarbas, a tale, being a conti- nuation of Roselas, Prince of Abessinia, — — — —	3 3
15 Father's instructions to his children, consisting of tales, fa- bles, and reflections designed to promote the love of virtue, a taste for knowledge, and an early acquaintance with the works of nature, by Dr. Perci- val, of Manchester, — — — —	3 3
16 The Muses Pocket Companion, a collection of poems, by the most eminent modern authors, —	4 4
17 Lord Petre's letter to the Bishop of St. David's. — — — —	1 1
18 Inquiry into the moral and po- litical tendency of the Religion called Roman Catholic, —	1 1

NEW BOOKS.

s. d.

19 Observations on the vindication of the Whig Club, to which are subjoined the speech of the Lord Chancellor, as it appeared in the newspapers, the vindication of the Whig Club, and a letter signed Truth, which appeared in Faulkner's Journal, — — 1 1

20 A picture of England, containing a description of the laws, customs and manners of England, interspersed with curious and interesting anecdotes of—Present King of Denmark—Prince of Wales—Late E. M. Theresa—Louis XV.—Duke de Choiseul—Late D. of Bedford—Dut. Dow. Bedford—D. Northumberland—Dut. of Devonshire—Lord Bute—Lord North—Lord Mansfield—Mr. Fox—Mr. Pitt—Lord Sandwich—Admiral Keppel—General Smith—Lord Camden—Lord Thurlow—Lord Kenyon—D. of Bridgewater

NEW BOOKS.

Bridgewater—Lord Chatham—		
Lord Sackville—General Bur-		
goyne—Mr. Luttrell— Mr.		
Wilkes, and several other Alder-		
men—Mr. Burke—Mr. Horne		
Tooke—Late Lord Clive—Mr.		
Gibbon—Mrs. Abbington—Mr.		
Wedgewood—Chevalier D'Eon,		
Lord Stormont—Mr. Villette—		
General Gansell—Late Mr. Gar-		
rick—Mr. Foote—Mrs. Corne-		
lys—Mrs. Siddons—Barry—		
Woodward—Weston—Hender-		
son—Palmer—Kelly—&c. by		
Mr. D'Archenholz, formerly a		
Captain in the service of the King		
of Prussia, translated from the		
French, — — — —	3	3
Dramatist, a play — —		6 <i>h.</i>
Battle of Hexham — —		6 <i>h.</i>
Adventurers — — — —		6 <i>h.</i>

3
h.
h.
h.